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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review
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THESE are critical days in Spain. The loss of Malaga was a disaster for the Government, from both a military and a psychological point of view. Of the horrors that accompanied it and followed it we have not yet got the full story; the problem which it has presented, in the shape of myriads of famine-stricken and starving refugees to be somehow sheltered and fed, is patent and formidable. The insurgents' advance on the Mediterranean coast is proceeding slowly; Almeria is still held by the Government. Madrid is hard pressed, and there too the authorities are faced with difficulty in supplying the civil population, as well as the combatants, with the bare necessities of life. They are short of munitions, though the Government arsenals are doing all they can, and have not yet been able to launch any effective counter-attack against the encircling tactics of the rebels. Dissensions among the defenders of the Republic, which are referred to in "A Spanish Diary" on another page of this issue, have been a serious handicap. The appointment of General Miaja to the supreme command in Madrid marks a recognition of the need for unity, and we hope that the urgent appeals from the Valencia Government will have the result of stiffening its forces in other parts.

Volunteers in Spain

Meanwhile we are invited to hand bouquets to the Non-Intervention Committee, which has at last reached a decision to ban all foreign volunteers to Spain. It is something, indeed, that a sterner attitude on the part of the French Government has had an effect on the dictators; and it is possible that dangerous European complications have in consequence been averted. But from the point of view of the defence of the Spanish Republic, and all that that means in the future, this belated agreement does not offer much ground for elation. The agreement itself is not quite complete, since Portugal at the time of writing still objects to the control of her frontiers. This objection, it is hoped, will be got over, and the ban on volunteers will then come into force on February 20th and the scheme of supervision a fortnight later. Whether any attempt will be made to push more men into the fray in that fortnight, we need not discuss. The real mischief is already done. The *Times*' Diplomatic Correspondent observed on Wednesday that the total number of Italians now in Spain "may be within measurable distance of 50,000." With Germany's quota of perhaps 10,000, Franco's foreign reinforcements can be put as at least treble those on the Government side. Add to this the munitions and materials with which the rebels have been so amply supplied, and it is likely enough that the Fascist dictators look forward with equanimity to the further proceedings of the Non-Intervention Committee.

Parliament and Defence

The most depressing feature of the Commons' debate on the Five Years Plan of defence was the absence of any attempt by the Government to relate their arms programme to their general foreign policy. Both Labour and Liberal Opposition speakers tacitly admitted the need for some reinforcement of our defences, but rightly objected to giving the Government a blank cheque. In reply, Mr. Chamberlain no longer troubled to claim that our rearmament was for the purpose of enabling us to play our part in upholding the League system of collective security against an aggressor. We had no allies, he said, nor would we necessarily be opposed in future to a single Power, but might have to fight, with or without allies, a group of Powers. Reversion to the "power-politics" of 1904–14 could hardly be more complete. While Mr. Chamberlain was speaking in the Commons, Lord Plymouth in the Upper House was explaining that, so far as the colonial question is concerned, the Government could not take any lead in extending the mandate system, and did not concede even the advisability of the "open door" policy in respect to the British Empire. The Government's policy—if policy it can be called—appears to be the crudest mixture of Imperialism, half-baked isolationism, undefined commitments and preparations for a fight with anybody and everybody.

M. Blum and the Franc

The rise in French internal prices has been causing serious trouble to M. Blum's Government; for it is already threatening to wipe out all the advantages of the fall in the franc's external value. There have been persistent rumours of the imminence of a further depreciation of the franc; and speculation has been active, despite the operations of the Bank of France to check it. Last week-end M. Blum appealed to the workers to hold back for the moment from claiming further wage-advances, in order to give the Government time to adopt more effective measures for the control of prices. A Bill, or perhaps a series of Bills, setting up special agencies for price-control will be the Government's next important measure, and it is understood that the effect will be to establish representative controlling bodies, on which the Co-operative movement will receive a large amount of recognition. If a further fall in the gold value of the franc is contemplated, it will presumably be only within the permitted range of value embodied in existing legislation, and it may be accompanied by a return to the gold standard on a guarantee against further depreciation. But it will profit the Government little to allow the franc to fall further unless at the same time it manages to make price-control effective. When Great Britain went off the gold standard world prices were falling fast. France went off gold when world prices were rising, and a large part of her financial difficulties is due to that simple difference.

Hitler and the Churches

Herr Hitler has been fighting the German Protestant Church for four years. He now has to begin all over again. A week ago the inevitable breakdown in the policy of Dr. Kerrl, the Reich Minister for Church affairs, was reached, and his tame "Evangelical Reich Church Committee" resigned. Herr Kerrl's Committee, chosen from the so-called "neutral" Churchmen, was to form a Church Administration for two years, during which the dispute between the Nazis and the non-Nazi section of the Protestant Church was to be settled. It has never shown any signs of being settled, and the Church Committee, shot at from all sides, had to go. Herr Hitler then suddenly took a hand himself, and ordered Herr Kerrl to prepare elections for a general Synod to draw up a new Church Constitution. The Chancellor's move is an admission of complete failure. Every kind of coercion and tyranny has been tried against the Confessional Church, the Protestant minority which took its stand on the Gospels and not on *Mein Kampf*. Its members have been fined, detained, imprisoned, thrown into concentration camps, and subjected to every sort of inquisition and outrage. They have not given up one inch of ground, and they have survived every other non-Nazi institution in Germany. If Herr Hitler expects that a superficially generous gesture will now reconcile them to being swallowed up by his "Nordic" Christians, his understanding of men is as limited as his knowledge of German religious history.

Finland's New President

By a combination of Progressive, Social-Democrat and Agrarian votes in the second ballot, M. Kallio, the Agrarian (rich peasants') Party leader, was elected President of Finland last Sunday. The new President is an experienced parliamentarian, but a man of limited outlook. His victory is important, however, in that Mr. Swinhuvud, the retiring President, who stood for re-election, was defeated by this *ad hoc* electoral "People's Front." Throughout his period of office since 1931 Mr. Swinhuvud had displayed marked leanings towards Fascism, and had based Finland's foreign policy on close co-operation with Germany. Aerodromes were built in Finland with the aid of German experts; Finland's attitude to the U.S.S.R. had been consistently hostile; and largely at the President's instance a Japanese diplomatic mission was established at Helsingfors. The election of Mr. Kallio should mean a definite change in the orientation of Finland's policy; and, following the recent friendly visit to Moscow by Mr. Halsti, the Finnish Foreign Minister, there seems a good chance of relations between Finland and the U.S.S.R. being sensibly improved.

Tight-Rope Walking in Vienna

Dr. Schuschnigg continues with some adroitness his tight-rope performance, leaning now to the Fascist, now to the democratic side in Austria. At present, as is pointed out in an article on a later page, his policy appears to be stiffening against German penetration; and in one respect his position is rendered more secure: both the budgetary situation and general economic conditions in Austria are improving, and the £7,000,000 internal loan announced this month for public works is an indication of Austria's lessening dependence on foreign financial aid for her means of subsistence. Even so, however, the Chancellor has to walk warily. The Nazi amnesty, the founding in Graz of a new Ostmärkische Volksverein with barely concealed Nazi aims, and the large concessions made to Germany in the recent trade agreement, pointed to the

conclusion that Schuschnigg was steadily yielding to Nazi pressure. On the other hand, it is significant that Royalist propaganda, as exemplified by *Der Oesterreicher*, is still definitely anti-Nazi, yet receives official toleration; other papers, such as the *Tag* and the *Stunde*, are allowed to campaign violently against Nazi activities; and there are grounds for the belief that the Chancellor has not yet given up negotiations for some sort of "pink" legalisation of certain sides of the (now illegal) Socialist organisation. Baron von Neurath is to visit Vienna shortly for the purpose of "working on" Dr. Schuschnigg. The Chancellor will listen attentively with one ear. The other ear is likely to be occupied by the long-distance telephone, to Rome.

The Factories Bill

The Factories Bill passed its second reading on Monday without a division. That does not mean that everyone is satisfied with it. It is a step in the right direction, but it halts and goes astray badly on important points. It is not what the country asks for, and has the right to ask for, in the industrial and social conditions of 1937. Legal hours of work are to be reduced; they could and should be still less. The maximum for juveniles ought not to be above 40 per week. Overtime for young persons ought to be prohibited, and far more strictly limited for adult women than the Bill proposes. Women should be excluded from work for six weeks before and six weeks after childbirth; we lag behind other countries in this matter. The age of entry into industry ought to be raised in conformity with the raised school-leaving age. Nor is there any good reason why the principle of holidays with pay should not have been embodied in this measure. Amendments on these and many other points will be pressed in Committee and, we hope, with success. Enlightened employers are on the side of labour and of the great mass of public opinion in wanting a civilised and not a half-civilised factory code. And the Government are strong enough, if they choose, to ignore the opposition of the stupid and reactionary.

Tactics in the L.C.C. Election

The Municipal Reformers in London are doing their best to dress Mr. Herbert Morrison up as a red revolutionary in disguise; and Mr. Morrison, for his part, is doing his best to emphasise his lack of desire for Communist co-operation in the L.C.C. election campaign. In truth, it is impossible either for the M.R.s to suppose that Mr. Morrison and his friends are Communists or have any intention of applying a Communist policy, or for Mr. Morrison really to feel quite so much animosity against his extreme Left supporters as he thinks it politic to assert. If Mr. Morrison is very far from being a red revolutionary, the Communists, in their present mood, are nearly as far off. The word "Communism" no doubt has some scare value, which the M.R.s are eager to exploit and the Labour Party to discount. But there is no more to it than that. The entire Communist issue is really quite irrelevant. The only practical question is whether London is to be governed for the next three years by the moderate Socialists who have governed it for the past three, or is to revert to the M.R.s—that is, in effect, to Toryism. As for the suggestion which the M.R.s have made, that the Fascist antics in the East End are the natural response to Communist provocation and Socialist administration of London, it is nonsense. If Fascism is a menace, the Labour Party will defend London against it much more effectively than will the M.R.s.

Mr. Lewis's Next Step

Mr. Lewis's settlement with General Motors can fairly be regarded as a draw. But it is a great deal for the New Unionism in the United States to have opened its campaign even with a drawn battle. The General Motors Corporation has been compelled to recognise the Automobile Workers' Union, though not to grant it exclusive negotiating rights. Mr. Lewis has gained something substantial; but he cannot afford to stand still while the employers mobilise their forces against him. For the moment he will probably leave Ford and Chrysler alone; for he is not yet strong enough to paralyse their plants. But he will attack elsewhere—probably in the steel industry, in which his organisation is relatively strong. Meanwhile, he has carried the war into the camp of the American Federation of Labour by expelling Mr. Green, the A.F. of L. President, from the United Mine Workers' Union, to which he owes his Trade Union status. The A.F. of L. will, no doubt, find a way round that difficulty, and regularise its President's position by associating him with some other Union; but the expulsion shows that it is now war to the knife between the A.F. of L. and Mr. Lewis's C.I.O. As for Mr. Roosevelt, he is too busy with his reorganisation of the Supreme Court and his latest plans for a revival of the Agricultural Adjustment Act to spare much attention for the labour situation, until Mr. Lewis strikes his next blow.

Ribbentropism in Rumania

Herr von Ribbentrop is not the only exponent of the new style in diplomacy. Its technique, however, is not always treated with the same tolerance as in London. King Carol of Rumania has instructed his Prime Minister, M. Tatarescu, to demand the recall of the German, Italian, Japanese and Portuguese Ministers in Bucarest, who attended in their official capacities (together with the former Spanish Minister to Rumania and a representative of the Polish Youth) the funeral of two members of the Fascist and anti-Semitic Iron Guard, killed while fighting for Franco in Spain. The German and Italian Ministers have, we understand, already been recalled. M. Tatarescu, who has strong Fascist sympathies and many supporters among the Iron Guard, at first flatly refused to take action, and when pressed by the King threatened the resignation of the Cabinet. He found himself faced not only by an obstinate and angry King, but by a burst of indignation in the press and Parliament. He then ordered an investigation, and announced in the Chamber that no intervention in Rumania's internal affairs would be allowed, a statement received with extreme enthusiasm. It is clear that German and Italian influence in Rumania is receding, partly because of the mistakes made by the Fascist Powers, and partly because of the influence of King Carol. While he is quite ready to be a dictator, the King does not fancy the German and Italian models, and will not sacrifice the Jewish Madame Lupescu.

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THE BUTCHERS' BILL

OMITTING, as outside the pale of sanity, that small but noisy fraction of the Tory Party whose complaint is still that our expenditure on armaments is less astronomic in dimensions than that of Germany, it is safe to say that the figures of the bill payable in advance of the next war have staggered the whole country. Confirming the gloomiest forecasts based on the Chancellor's announcement that he desired powers to borrow up to £400,000,000, the White Paper on Defence Expenditure states that, even if the present programme be not enlarged (and " since they first embarked upon it, the conditions which governed its extent and pace cannot be said to have become more favourable ") it would be " imprudent to contemplate a total expenditure on defence during the next five years of much less than £1,500,000,000." Since defence expenditure, before rearmament began, was running at about £110,000,000 a year, this means that our extra " emergency " bill on arms account between 1937 and 1942 will total well over £900,000,000, of which £500,000,000 will be met by tax revenue (including last year's and future fresh imposts) and £400,000,000 by borrowing.

If the necessity is conceded for spending on this colossal scale, a case can be made for spreading a proportion of the expenditure over a space of years by raising loans to cover the " peak " phase. The thirty-year period of amortisation apparently contemplated by Mr. Chamberlain for repaying this essentially unreproductive borrowing seems unwarrantably long; though to argue, as some critics of the loan plan have done, that each year's Budget should bear the entire cost of rearmament, is scarcely realistic. Income tax has already been raised from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 9*d.*; a further increase to 5*s.* is a virtual certainty. From the Chancellor's point of view, an income tax of at least 6*s.* in the £, coupled with drastic increases in indirect taxes—and, without borrowing, nothing less would suffice to meet an annual defence expenditure averaging £300,000,000—would involve the risk of diminishing yields and even an undesirably severe contraction of industrial enterprises. Mr. Chamberlain knows the psychology, if he disdains the economic lessons, of his capitalist world.

Nor are we greatly impressed by the argument that the effects of the five years' £400,000,000 loan programme will necessarily be so inflationary as to lead to a rise in the cost of living which will be an intolerable burden on the poor. Pressure of rearmament demand in all countries is leading, and is likely to lead, to a considerable rise in commodity prices—a result which, on economic grounds, is by no means wholly to be deplored. But, so far as this country is concerned, unless we assume in advance that the national savings between now and 1942 will be insufficient, without enlargement of bank cash by the Bank of England, to provide both for the defence loans and for non-governmental capital investment, the inevitability of inflation is not apparent. That " boom " tendencies at the present point of the trade cycle should be checked by stiff taxation is a proposition with which we are in full agreement. We should like to see the borrowed proportion of the £900,000,000 " emergency " spending kept to a figure much less than the £400,000,000 contemplated by the Government, and we should welcome the reappearance of an excess profits tax in the 1936–37 Budget. But if, as seems certain, the already high rate of taxation is to be steepened next April, we are unable to see why governmental borrowing at the rate of £80,000,000 a year, when the national income and savings are rapidly expanding, should create conditions of runaway inflation.

Much more valid is the criticism that, by borrowing to meet the cost of preparing for the next war, the Government is endeavouring to create, and is perhaps creating, in the public mind the idea that armaments are not an unduly onerous burden, or are one that can always be shifted conveniently to the shoulders of posterity. As the *Times* disingenuously observed, the Defence estimates for 1937–38 " might have caused serious alarm but for the present [borrowing] proposals." In God's name, why should there not be alarm? For if Britain, thus deceptively lulled into the belief that an armament race costs nothing to speak of, borrows cheerfully to pay the coming butchers' bill, what will be the effects on other countries less unaggressive than ourselves in intention, and already far further advanced in the rake's progress of " totalitarian " pre-war finance? " Cry ' borrow ' and let loose the dogs of war " becomes the world-wide slogan of the merchants of death.

But the real gravamen of the charge against the Government is that their apologia for the expenditure of £1,500,000,000 on armaments is couched in terms which could be penned only by men who believe that war is coming inevitably, but who feel no sense of responsibility for their share in contributing prospectively to that event. If Messrs. Lloyd George and Clemenceau originally wrote the treaties which have condemned an unborn generation to death, Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues have countersigned and sealed the death-warrants. Under successive Tory administrations Britain has played its part in sabotaging the German democracy of Stresemann, in obstructing the efforts of the Disarmament Conference, in emasculating the collective security of the League Covenant, in acquiescing in militarist-fascist aggression in China, Abyssinia and Spain. " No villain need be . . . we are betrayed by what is false within." We have had nearly twenty post-war years of predominantly Tory Government, in which British foreign policy has been conducted by men who never really believed in the possibility of a world made safe for democracy, never paid more than lip-service for electoral purposes to the causes of peace and disarmament, never had the intellectual honesty or the imagination to tackle seriously the problems, economic and political, fraught with the dangers of another war.

In our £1,500,000,000 of armament expenditure the reckoning is presented. With no hint that they have any conception of a policy which might obviate war, or have turned their thoughts towards this aspect of the question at all, our rulers ask the country to approve this expenditure (whose magnitude is already inciting some of the Tories to demand another onslaught on the social services) in order that " our defences may be restored to a level of safety." Safety against invasion by Germany's aeroplanes? Safety against an Italian seizure of Gibraltar? Safety against a Japanese attack on Singapore? Safety in the event of our being compelled in honour, as signatory to the Covenant, to uphold Czechoslovakia against

aggression? Safety against an otherwise irresistible German demand for the return to her of Tanganyika and Togoland? No indication is given by the White Paper of the causes for which we are to fight, nor of the constructive proposals which we might make for the preservation of peace. More and more British armaments are put forward as the sole specific for a world feverishly rearming, as our "indispensable contribution" to the European ferment.

If another, and infinitely more devastating, world war is imminent, and if we are to be the victims of aggression by a combination of Fascist countries, we hold no brief for those who would have us resist mechanised armies with bare hands. The tragic stupidity of the present business is that we are being asked to mortgage our future resources to pay not merely for to-morrow's butchery but for yesterday's blindness, cowardice and hypocrisy.

SHADOW OVER AUSTRIA

SINCE Hitler's "accession" in 1933 his one undeviating aim has been to draw Austria within his net. He has never wavered in this intention. The methods he has adopted have, however, undergone changes. In proportion to the firmness of the Austrian Government and its influence on internal affairs, Hitler has had to temper the sharpness of his steel. A graph of this process would show a steady rise in active measures up to the murder of Dr. Dollfuss in July, 1934. From then onwards there has been a fairly steady decrease in the degree of force applied. At the present time, viewed from without, and considering the "gentlemen's agreement" of July 11th last and the new trade treaty of January 27th, the relations between the two German States give an impression of something approaching normality. The impression is none the less false.

The situation can rightly be likened to an interval between two rounds in a wrestling match between a heavyweight and a flyweight. The interval is being utilised by both contestants for the working out of new tactics and for the recovery of breath. To a really surprising degree flyweight Austria has been able to repel the attack of heavyweight Germany. By the July Agreement, Hitler thought he had established a stranglehold. But, with a series of powerful shakes, Austria released herself. Dr. Schuschnigg established himself as the undisputed strong man of Austria. So successful was he that he was able to counter the apparent gains which Hitler thought to have made by the July pact.

At the present time there is a marked strengthening of Dr. Schuschnigg's anti-Nazi policy. He is determined to utilise the provisions of the July Agreement to the fullest possible extent—in particular that which establishes the problem of Austrian National-Socialism as a "domestic concern of Austria." There appears to be a difference of opinion between the Austrian Nazis and Herr Hitler as to the tactics which they should adopt. Hitler is believed to have admonished his Austrian followers thus: "In the meantime I want you to keep calm, avoid terroristic acts and clashes with the Government, and try to penetrate Patriotic Front ranks by infiltration. The Austrian fruit will fall into my lap when ripe. I do not wish you to shake the tree. At the moment I have more important irons in the fire than Austria." (The reference is presumably to Czechoslovakia.) These tactics are not altogether acceptable to the Austrian Nazis. They wish to enter the Patriotic Front as a solid block. The result of this divergence of views is that Austria is at present not affected, on the surface at least, by Nazi influence. At any rate, the one and only concentration camp is practically void of Nazi (or for that matter Socialist) inhabitants.

However, beneath the surface, the movement towards *Gleichschaltung* goes steadily on. In this connection it is interesting to examine the significance of the term "National-betont" (pronounced National). In the first place, the "pronounced Nationals" in Austria can be divided into two classes—the great majority of those who adopt this title, who are nothing more nor less than Nazis but have found it unwise to label themselves as such, and a small inner group, represented chiefly by Dr. Neustädter-Sturmer, Minister of Public Security, and Colonel Glaise-Horstenau, Minister of the Interior. The official explanation of their presence in the Cabinet is that they represent the pure Germanism of Austrian nationality. The explanation goes on to emphasise the great difference between the bastard Germanism, i.e., Nazism proclaimed by Berlin, and the pure Germanism as proclaimed by Vienna. Unfortunately, the two gentlemen in question find that they cannot agree with this distinction, and regard it as impossible to separate "modern Germanism" from National-Socialism. In other words, they are working for the *Anschluss*. They nevertheless draw the line at blatant propaganda and "terrorist" methods. They prefer to adopt the cunning, underhand tactics of Herr von Papen.

In view of the strength of this inner disruptive force—Nazi adherents are estimated at roughly 30 per cent. of the population—it was all the more important to avoid at any cost Nazi economic dictation. The new Trade Treaty of January 27th with Germany can, therefore, be considered a victory for the Austrians. A victory, that is, not because of the actual economic benefits which will accrue from the Agreement—these will be very small indeed—but because Austria succeeded in concluding the Agreement without having to concede Germany's major demands. These demands were (*a*) that Germany should import very large quantities of Austrian agricultural products without paying for them in currency, and (*b*) that Germany should export considerable quantities of war material to Austria.

Austria's financial situation shows, in view of the enormous difficulties with which she has had to contend since the war, a remarkable degree of stability. Dr. Kienböck, President of the National Bank, was determined that this stability should not be impaired by allowing Austria to accumulate vast frozen credits in Germany. It is also on account of his resolve to preserve the soundness of the financial position that he has so far resolutely opposed a policy of devaluation. He is not, however, the implacable opponent of the theory of devaluation which he is often painted. He would be ready to agree to it to-morrow if he thought it would be for Austria's good. His reasons, which are shared by most of the experts in Austria, for thus far opposing devaluation are, broadly speaking, the following: (1) Austria imports more than she exports, and if the schilling were devalued she would be able to import less; (2) devaluation would increase the burden of foreign debt; (3) it would increase the cost of living and in consequence wages would rise; and (4), as a result of this, there would be a first-class panic in the country which would do unaccountable harm to the steady recovery which has been made in Austria, particularly in the last two years. Admittedly, the fact that Austria did not devalue her currency when some of her neighbours did has had a slightly detrimental effect both on her foreign trade and her tourist traffic. These disadvantages, however, are, in the opinion of Dr. Kienböck. negligible compared with those which would follow devaluation.

These are the three most "actual" questions in Austria to-day. Such problems as Legitimism and Danubian co-operation are at present considered somewhat less urgent, though the former has a habit of pushing its way to the fore. In general the situation is fairly steady both politically and economically, and any movement there is is in the right direction. So long as war does not break out in Europe, Austria should "pull through." But the Hitlerian monster still obscures Austria's uninterrupted view of the sun. Unless and until this state of affairs is permanently cured, who can tell what the future holds for Austria?

JOHN GATEHOUSE

A SPANISH DIARY

I HAVE just spent a further three weeks in Spain, visiting Aragon, Catalonia, Valencia, Alicante and Murcia. The impressions which follow are open to contradiction and will probably be contradicted; but so far as possible they are unbiased and the result of checking up on many conversations with many different kinds of people. Spain is a country where it is impossible to get accurate figures about anything important and where rumours gather force in proportion as the censorship grows more severe. There have been considerable changes in the political, economic, and military situations since I was there in December and I should describe them as all for the worse, though not irremediably for the worse. The outstanding political fact is the greatly increased power of the moderate elements in the Government backed up officially by the Communists, whose policy is to support a bourgeois democratic Spain against what they consider the premature revolutionary activities of the Anarchists and the P.O.U.M. Their reasons for this are: (1) that it fits in with Stalin's foreign policy elsewhere, which is to do nothing to weaken the anti-Fascist democracies, who might be less able to defend themselves in war if extremists have provoked internal dissensions; (2) that only by presenting England and France with authentic evidence of a legitimate and moderate government in power in Spain will they win over those fearful and hesitant countries, and possibly deflect Mussolini from his threat not to tolerate a Red Catalonia; (3) that it also enables the numerically weak Communist Party to get power through supporting the Liberals and the Marxian Socialists, using the vast bulk of the U.G.T. as a hermit crab takes possession of a winkle; and (4) that it enables them to attack, on patriotic grounds, their ideological enemies, the anarchists of the C.N.T. and the Trotskyites of the P.O.U.M. (I see Mr. Croyle was criticised for calling the P.O.U.M. Trotskyite. Their leader Nin was Trotsky's secretary and perhaps this is how the conception has arisen.)

* * *

The Communists and Socialists say "First win the war, then attend to the revolution." The younger Anarchists and the P.O.U.M. say, "The war and the revolution are indivisible and we must go on with both of them simultaneously. If you postpone the revolution how are we to know you are in good faith?" The Anarchist Ministers try to hold a balance between them, while they advance their giant scheme to fuse the C.N.T. with the U.G.T. into a huge proletarian combine of syndicated workers, which would get on with the war, guarantee the revolution, get rid of the friction between the parties, and permit both the F.A.I. and the Communists to disappear as separate political entities. The Communists naturally oppose this. The position of the P.O.U.M. is the most precarious, for they are severely condemned by the Communist and Socialist press on charges of being Trotskyites, and hence Fascists, of running away in battle and undermining the Government (from which they have been driven out), of consisting of criminals and the rejected members of other parties, and of preparing a counter-revolutionary coup. They are defended by the Anarchists with very much less zeal than they are attacked. In their favour it can be said that they have between eight and ten thousand men at the front, that no connection with the Trotskyites of the Russian trials has been proved against them, that they are closely associated with the Independent Labour Party, whose members find themselves part of the United Front with the Communists in England, yet hailed as Fascists by the Communists in Spain, and that the campaign against them seems to be a price exacted for Russian assistance to the Government.

The opposition to the Anarchists is more serious, for it is based on a relative ignorance of the rôle they have played for seventy years in Spain, and of their solidarity with the Spanish workers and their hold on the Spanish character. They are attacked as being either visionaries, half-wits, or gunmen. Pasionaria referred to them in a public speech as "analphabetics," and any reference to them in Valencia is studiously avoided. The Communists point to their inefficiency. "Look at the inaction on the Aragon front. The Fascists could walk through it at any moment." The Anarchists reply, "that is because we have only a few Mexican rifles and very little artillery and machine-guns—not one Russian arm has ever reached us—because we are to be denied any success and our defeat even may be being arranged for, although we saved Barcelona and supplied the Government with its only popular hero, Durruti, whom we sent to Madrid." Thus between twenty and forty thousand men are immobile on the Northern front at a time when a victorious counter-attack is desperately needed, and when the troops opposed to them are clearly demoralised and awaiting reinforcements.

* * *

In fact it would be hard to find an atmosphere more full of envy, intrigue, rumour and muddle than that which exists at the moment in the capitals of Republican Spain; while Malaga falls and Madrid struggles heroically, the further one gets from the front, the dimmer grows the memory of the 19th of July, the louder the mutual accusations and reproaches of the parties. They are now even jealous of their one hope, the International Brigade, and it seems useless to clamour for unity of command when there is no one worthy of it. Here are some notes on people's conversations. They will show how many different points of view are permitted.

* * *

A German: "They ask why don't we attack on the Aragon front. I will tell you. I am in the International Column. There are 12 of us alive out of my company, and a hundred out of my battalion. If we do decide to attack it is known to the other side almost before we know ourselves. The Spaniards will not attack at night in any case. We have no artillery, few machine-guns, and obsolete 1870 rifles, old German ones bought from Mexico."

A Hungarian of the P.O.U.M.: "Look at those crowds. Look at those women. It's disgraceful. All bourgeois, bargain-basement people, prampushers. Is this what I'm fighting for? I tell you we are only at the beginning—yes. There will come a day when father will be killed by son and sister by brother, not just at the front, but here in the streets of Barcelona. At least I hope so. But the Spanish people are like this." He lights a match and holds it upwards till it goes out.

A High Official (Catalan Left): "We are all sick of the war in Barcelona. The front is just for people who like fighting, I think. Most people on this side don't know what Communism means, most people on the other don't know what Fascism means. The priests were not Fascist, most of them didn't know about the large sums of money hidden in their churches—only the bishops did—and we got the archbishop out all right. I don't even think Franco is a Fascist."

Another (Catalan Left): "This is a very interesting revolution, because it is the only Western revolution since 1789—only do not exaggerate it. We have taken over a few large factories and estates, but we have only socialised transport, hotels, cafés, theatres, cinemas, barbers and boot cleaners—not very much, really. You see we are a nation of *petits bourgeois* and we have naturally left them exactly as they are—no, I should rather describe our present regime as a 'capitalism without capitalists.'"

English Communist: "But how can one co-operate with these people? The P.O.U.M., of course, are simply Fascists: as for the Anarchists—one can't go bumping people off in 1937! And besides, they're inefficient, anti-militarist, they won't accept officers, they can't keep step. You know Durruti was killed by an Anarchist, they were jealous of his friendship with the Russians: his views were very unpopular. And look at the Aragon front—if the enemy attack they will get to Lerida, and a very good thing too, it will bring people to their senses. That and a stiff bombardment of Barcelona is what we've all been hoping for for two months."

Spanish Communist : " I see no reason why the Anarchists and Communists shouldn't be united. The Anarchists are very simple people, they do not realise how long their ideas must take to put into practice. Their Ministers do—and they often turn into Communists when they realise this."

Anarchist at the " Shanghai " : " Anarchism with us is very old, very old indeed, and very international—look at me, I drove a tram at the time of the strike in 1933. I arranged some sabotage, I was an idealist—so I escaped to England, and then Belgium. I knew García Oliver, I drove him 8 hours unconscious in my lorry once, after the police had knocked him out. You found him friendly ? We of the revolution are like that—besides, who cares about death ? A tile might fall on my head at this moment, in any case to die for an ideal is not death." " But what about being blinded or lamed for an ideal ? " " Spain would never forget her sons ! " " Would you say there was still a revolution here ? " " Don't you worry about the revolution, the F.A.I. will take care of that—nor about Russia—Oliver sleeps in the Russian Embassy, that is the terms we are on. You worry about England and France ; it is they who are deceived about where their interests lie. England and Spain, what couldn't we do together, two rich democracies like ours ! "

* * *

I was able to interview the two men of to-morrow, if there is a to-morrow, in the Spanish Cabinet, Juan García Oliver, the Minister of Justice, and Indalecio Prieto, the Minister of Munitions, Marine, and Air.

* * *

Oliver is a man in his thirties, sturdy, good-looking, with one of those stoical, open Iberian faces which reflect the Anarchist blend of idealism and militancy. He was indeed one of the three heroes of the street-fighting in Barcelona. I asked him if the idea of violence was really part of Anarchism or not. " Certainly not ; our ideal is the brotherhood of man. Man first is a beast on four legs, then the family make an agreement to tolerate each other, then that is extended to the tribe, then to the nation, so that it is murder to kill in one's own country and war to kill in another, and ultimately that must apply to all nations. Anarchism has been violent in Spain because oppression has been violent ; in England it has not. But Anarchist justice will not be violent ; we will consider ignorance of the law as a real excuse. The law has been made by the rich and strong, as in feudal times, and crime can never be suppressed till the economic and cultural level of everybody has been raised. Revolutions fail because they do not raise the country, only the towns. They do not even acknowledge the problem—all culture and education is centred in the towns, in the museums and universities, while people in the country who do not even know their own name are punished for ignorance of the law. I would abolish military service and substitute instead service by which everyone who is well-educated has to spend a year passing on his education to the peasants ; the capitalists and the professors are guilty of hoarding culture which must be digested by the whole country in a solid block. People who say 'après moi le deluge,' they are the real criminals. I would like to re-educate Fascist prisoners after the war in reformatories—if a guard uses violence on them he would go to prison himself. I have been 14 years in prison, and I know. There are not many books about Anarchism, because the Spaniards prefer to talk in meetings and act. It was theorising that caused the failure of the Austrian and German democracies. If I had to sum up Anarchism in a phrase I would say it was the ideal of eliminating the beast in man."

Meanwhile, the blockade goes on, arms and men pile up on one side, petrol, coal, and bread run out on the other. The Atlantic fleet pays courtesy visits to Valencia and Palma, when even a fishing boat can hardly go out a mile for fear of Italian submarines. But what can weak countries like France and England do, when the attitude of Portugal is so profoundly unhelpful ?

CYRIL CONNOLLY

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. H. Leavis.

All cuttings should be addressed to " This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The arduousness of the Royal Family's life was never more obvious than this week, when Queen Mary went twice to the films.—*Truth.*

Residents of North Berks who arrived at Reading railway station on Tuesday afternoon were shocked at the brusque tones of a ticket-collector towards a baronet and prominent member of the House of Commons, who was, apparently, anxious to join the train for Paddington.—*Oxford Mail.*

And then there is Lady Queensberry. Her house reflects her personality perfectly for the simple reason that, as unselfconsciously as a child, she has set her stamp on it. For the chintz covers are printed over with her own name in a design made by herself, repeating " Cathleen," " Cathleen," " Cathleen " in an unending and yet, somehow, unmonotonous melody.—*Evening Standard.*

Types of the just man made perfect are rare outside the United Kingdom.—*Belfast Newsletter.*

Nothing is more pleasing to the eye than for an O.L., especially in a country many miles away from the old school and his friends, to see an O.L. tie or blazer, but think of my horror when I see natives walking round this town wearing blazers and regas made of material with our colours on, in ever increasing numbers—is their nothing which can be done to stop this horrifying sight ?—Letter from Nigeria in *Leys Fortnightly.*

An atmosphere of mediæval pageantry was yesterday revived in the oak-panelled Chamber of the Privy Council in Downing Street. Here sat the Commissioners of the Court of Claims to hear petitions to perform services at the Coronation. Among the claims by Lord Ancaster thus left for the decision of the King was :

To have 40 yards of crimson velvet with his robes ;

To have the bed wherein his Majesty lay the night before the Coronation, with the curtains and vallances thereof, and all cushions and clothes within the chamber, with the furniture of the same, and his Majesty's night robe.—*News Chronicle.*

WHAT ARE THE TRADE UNIONS DOING ?

THROUGHOUT its history the Trade Union movement has made progress by winning in periods of economic prosperity more than employers have been able to take away from it in times of slump. In the nature of things Trade Unions operating under the capitalist system can win large concessions only when the majority of businesses are doing well. In depressions the employer must cut his costs, and is not likely to be in a mood to grant wage-advances or a shorter working week or any of the other things for which Trade Unions exist to struggle. All the workers can hope to do at such times, save in a few industries which may be booming even in the midst of a general slump, is to hold on grimly to what they have already won—or to as much of it as can be held until the tide turns. But, if Trade Unionism at such times is forced on to the defensive, it makes up for this when trade is good—or at least it has done so in the past.

In view of this well-established rhythm of Trade Union activity, it would be natural to expect at the present moment a widespread eruption of labour unrest. For there is no doubt that, outside the depressed areas, industry is booming. In 1936, as compared with 1935, the volume of employment rose by 5 per cent. Consumption of electricity increased by 12½ per cent., and of steel by 24 per cent. Imports of raw materials were larger by 15 per cent., and industrial profits, which had already risen from under 6 per cent. in 1932 to 8½ per cent. in 1935, reached nearly 10 per cent. in 1936, and were less than 1 per cent. below the boom level of 1929.

Building activity, already intense in 1935, rose still further, and was nearly twice as great as in 1932. The *Economist* index of total business activity, based on a very wide range of data, rose by 6 per cent. on the year.

These conditions are such as clearly to offer very large opportunities for an improvement of working-class standards. Yet the surface of industry still remains almost unruffled by any serious labour unrest. Where one might reasonably expect a movement on a scale comparable with the great Trade Union drives of the early 'seventies and late 'eighties of the last century, or of the years immediately before the war, there appears to be to-day no more than a ripple here and there. Wages, no doubt, have risen slightly and unobtrusively in a number of trades, and a considerable number of Trade Unions are negotiating upon wage demands. But there has been no general clamour for improved conditions, and no outbreak at all comparable with the North-East Coast Engineers' struggle of 1872, or the famous Dock Strike of 1889. Why is this? Some Trade Union leaders will answer that it is because the Trade Union movement is now much better organised and disciplined than it used to be; so that, instead of mass-uprisings, we now get orderly processes of negotiation which do not obtrude themselves upon public notice. This is doubtless true of certain industries; but it is not an adequate explanation of Labour's curious quiescence. At the other extreme, it will be argued bitterly in certain quarters that the workers are quiet because their leaders are "betraying" them; but this too fails as an explanation. In 1872, in 1889 and in 1911 the unrest did not wait upon the official leadership. It broke out of itself, and found leaders of its own.

The situation is the more curious because of what is happening in other parts of the world. France is still but slowly struggling out of economic depression, and has experienced no upward swing of activity at all comparable to Great Britain's. Yet in France Trade Union membership has, we believe, been more than doubled in a single year; and the forty-hour week, in addition to substantial wage-advances and numerous other concessions, is being rapidly established over the greater part of French industry. In the United States the return of relative prosperity has been accompanied by a very extensive movement of labour unrest, expressing itself in the seamen's and automobile workers' strikes, and now in Mr. John Lewis's announced intention of tackling the steel industry in the immediate future. Germany and Italy have, indeed, no similar movements to fear for the time being; for they have firmly "liquidated" their Trade Unions. But why is Great Britain, where capitalist recovery has gone farthest of all, apparently content with so little?

It is a part of the answer that, in both the United States and France, political conditions have contributed to working-class organisation, whereas in Great Britain the political factor has been adverse. The French strikes were largely a by-product of the *Front Populaire*, and the American strikes of President Roosevelt's victory over the Republicans. But it is also of very great importance that, whereas in France the *Front Populaire* included the amalgamation of Trade Unionism into a unified force, in which the Communists were able to play a leading part, in Great Britain both the Labour Party and the leaders of the Trade Unions are engaged in a battle against Communism which distracts them considerably from their normal tasks of struggling for improved working-class conditions. It is true that the British Communists are by no means as numerous as those of France; but that is not the point. It is none the less a fact that a good many of the men who would naturally take the lead in movements of workshop unrest in Great Britain either belong to, or are under the influence of, the Communist Party. This no doubt causes them to work all the harder in stirring up unrest; but it also causes the Trade Union leaders to work very much harder against them, and continually to damp down unrest and disavow strikes that are regarded as "inspired" by Communists, even when the strikers have legitimate grievances.

In fact, the struggle between Labour and Communism, though it is on the surface mainly a matter of politics, is even more important in the industrial field. By making the official Trade Union leadership fearful of, and hostile to, any movement that might possibly be used to strengthen the Communist influence, it is actually preventing any general outbreak of working-class economic activity, and enabling British capitalism to carry on through the boom with only minor concessions here and there. Accordingly, the real impetus behind the demand for "working-class unity," though it embodies itself mainly in political movements, is the drive towards a more energetic Trade Union policy.

On the face of the matter there is quite as strong a case for a concerted forward movement among the Trade Unions in this country as in France or the United States. At present, British Trade Unionism, while it is regaining its hold over the older industries, is making very slow progress towards organising the great mass of workers employed in most of the newer industries and services which have recently been absorbing labour. The road transport workers are an exception; for they possessed a strong nucleus of organisation at the outset. But most of the new factories in the South of England are very poorly organised, and many not organised at all. And the millions of workers in the distributive and commercial occupations, which now provide a rapidly increasing fraction of total employment, are for the most part still untouched by any sort of Trade Unionist spirit.

It is, however, clear enough that Trade Unionism can never become a really effective force under the conditions of to-day unless it does succeed in organising these types of workers. And it is also clear that they will not be effectively organised by a mere extension of the existing Trade Union appeal. Yet there is no reason to believe that they are less capable of being organised to good purpose than were the dockers in 1889, or the railway workers in 1907. It was confidently predicted of both these bodies of workers that they were incapable of stable combination; but actually they form two of the best organised groups in Trade Unionism to-day. They could not, however, have become organised except by means of an appeal to their fighting instincts and their sense of their elementary rights.

It is just this appeal that, at the present time, Trade Unionism is somehow failing to make. Yet it is urgent that it should be made, here as well as in France and the United States, if the opportunity is not to be lost. For if Trade Unionism fails to take advantage of the present favourable economic conjuncture, its chance may not soon recur. There is serious risk of a trade recession not very far ahead; and it may be that even intensive rearmament, albeit financed by borrowing, will not long stave off the depression which it will help to accentuate when it does come. Trade Unionism would be wise to seize the occasion while it lasts, and to win the maximum concessions now, in order to have the more to bargain with when adversity returns.

On what, then, should the Trade Unions concentrate their attention? Wage-advances are, of course, one thing; and in the newer industries especially there is no doubt that most employers could well afford to pay more. But there are two other claims which have the advantage both of arousing a widespread popular response and of being capable of being put forward on a general basis for industry as a whole. These are the forty-hour week and holidays with pay. It would no doubt be difficult for the few great industries which are still struggling with adversity to meet these claims, at any rate without substantial reorganisation and a period of grace for adapting themselves to the new conditions. But most industries, we think, and especially the newer industries and services, could well afford them; and it will be a calamity if Trade Unionism as a whole adapts itself to the pace of its slowest sections.

Cannot the Trades Union Congress forget for a while its fears of Communist subversive influences, and launch a really big campaign—a campaign of action, and not merely of talk—in support of these two demands? There has been proof

enough that the Government's exploratory conversations—industry by industry—will yield no tangible result. Such conversations never do, unless there is the prospect of action to spur on the talkers. At present, we cannot help feeling that the enemies of Trade Unionism are smiling up their sleeves, and rejoicing greatly at having the Communist bogy-man to keep the Trade Union leaders in order. But also we cannot really believe that the calm will last much longer. Some time the storm of unrest will burst; unless the Unions act soon, they will find themselves acting too late, because their chance, based on the existing boom, will have gone.

MAN ON THE SPOT

WRITING on behalf of "a large number of the persons who really know and understand Spain on account of their long residence in and connection with the country," a correspondent deplores "these so-called 'missions' of M.P.s, clerics, etc.," and the fact that their reports and opinions "carry much more weight than their knowledge and experience of Spain would seem to merit."

The antipathy felt by the man who really knows a country to the man who only visits it is an old story. Rudyard Kipling expressed it vigorously both in verse and in prose. How he hated the travelling English M.P. in India who refused to look at everything through officially provided spectacles! The Kipling theory was, apparently, that the best thing an M.P. could do was to stay at home and, so far as India was concerned, trust the man on the spot. This is unfortunately not nearly so simple as it sounds. There are so many people on the spot in most countries, and they do not all say the same thing. In Kipling's India, for example, there were millions of Indians on the spot, whom Kipling himself would have hated to see you trusting. He called on you to trust only the white man on the spot, and, in order to be trusted, the white man on the spot had to be a White Man in the full sense of the words.

While agreeing that the man on the spot is well worth listening to, I have never been able to regard him as a superman. And, indeed, I doubt whether those who are always singing his praises trust him except when it suits their convenience to do so. Take England, for example. Would young Tories trust Mr. Shaw as a guide in English politics merely because he has been on the spot a great deal longer than any of them? If not, why not? If being on the spot makes a man wise, the longer he is on the spot the wiser he is likely to become. The trouble is, of course, that even men who have been on the spot for the same length of time do not necessarily agree. One man, having lived in England for eighty years, thinks the country has gone to the dogs: another man, having lived in England for eighty years, thinks things have improved out of all recognition. Englishmen on the spot cannot even agree as to whether modern youth is, like the London police, simply wonderful or, like the cooking in English hotels, simply dreadful. As a recent correspondence showed, they cannot even agree as to whether the cooking in English hotels is the vilest on earth or the best. If you trusted all the men on the spot on any question in England, your brain would go round like a teetotum.

Men on the spot in democratic countries live in a constant state of peaceful civil war. They fight each other in Parliamentary elections and municipal elections, and, when there is no election going on, they fight each other on all sorts of committees. In politics, especially, the man on the spot is the very person who tells you that the other man on the spot is not to be trusted. Ask Lord Beaverbrook to trust Mr. Baldwin as the man on the spot, and he will probably reply that Mr. Baldwin is not so much the man on the spot as the man who should be put on the spot. And Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would fare as badly at the hands of Mr. Gallacher. To be on the spot may inspire confidence in India, but in England it is often regarded as a proof of incompetence and ignorance.

If long residence—even lifelong residence—in England does not give a man the right to be accepted as an authority on English affairs, how, then, can a much shorter residence in Spain give a man the right to be accepted as an authority on Spanish affairs? Even Spaniards who have been in Spain much longer than any English resident in Spain differ violently—if the expression is not too mild—as to the facts of the present situation. It is of no use for an English resident in Spain to say: "I know, for I was there when it all began. After the murder of So-and-so, civil war was the only thing possible." For no sooner has one heard this than another man on the spot, a Spaniard, tells one: "Ah, yes! I was there too, and I can assure you that So-and-so was killed as a just punishment for having organised the murder of Somebody Else." It is not only the visitor to Spain, but the man on the spot, who speaks with two voices on the inevitable but unanswerable question: "Who began it?" I ought not, perhaps, to call the question unanswerable, since there are two answers, each of them uttered by many people with passionate conviction. My point is, however, that the two answers flatly contradict each other, and that they both come from the lips of persons who possess all the qualifications of men on the spot.

Apart from this, residence in a foreign country does not necessarily make a man a good judge of the best interests of the country. Many a man, residing in a foreign country for purposes either of business or pleasure, is, naturally enough, concerned most of all with the way in which the politics of the country affect his own interests. There were English residents in Italy who welcomed Fascism because, though it robbed the Italian democrat of his liberty of speech and action, it secured them a punctual train-service. It is not probable that the foreign resident or ex-resident in Spain is in all cases more disinterested.

I am not suggesting that residence in a foreign country is useless as a help to understanding its people and its problems. To do so would be to cast doubt on the value of experience, and to declare that all the books that have been written on France, England, America, Germany, Italy and Russia by foreign residents are not worth the paper on which they are printed. It would be to abandon hope of one nation's ever being able to understand another in the slightest degree. I maintain, however, that, since even the opinion of a native of a country cannot be taken on trust, much less can the opinion of a foreign resident be taken on trust. You cannot be sure of finding out the truth about the Means Test in England by talking to the Englishman who happens to be sitting beside you in the Tube. He may be a fool, or a politician, or a man who does not care what happens so long as taxation doesn't increase. In the same way, it is no use trying to find out the truth about Spain from the first man you meet who happened to be living in Madrid in the middle of last summer. Unless he is intelligent and disinterested, his opinion is not worth a button. An intelligent and disinterested man can learn more about Spain in London in a week than an unintelligent and self-interested man can learn by living in Spain for twenty years.

The same test holds good, of course, for foreign visitors as for foreign residents. It has often been said that the foreign visitor to a country sees only what he goes out to see, and, though this is not always true, it is fairly often true. We travel in search of corroborative detail for our prejudices. The Fascist, setting out for Germany, takes with him a vision of something approximating to the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, and he is as much on guard against losing his vision while he is there as against losing his passport. He returns home joyfully in possession both of the vision and of the passport. Similarly, the Communist, setting out for Russia, has in his mind's eye the picture of a country in which (as a misprinting compositor once put it) a "happy fireside clinic for weans and wife" has become the possession of all, and he returns from Russia with the report of a fairyland in the making. If by chance his report betrays loss of vision, this is put down to lack of vision, and he is dismissed as a weaker brother, an incompetent observer, or even a renegade

It seems, then, that neither residing in a country nor visiting a country is of much good in finding out the truth about it—a most pessimistic conclusion. So pessimistic indeed, that, pessimist though I am for the moment, I should hesitate to subscribe to it. I am at least optimist enough to believe that at least one person in a hundred who has resided in or visited a country can talk intelligently and disinterestedly about it. He must, of course, have prejudices in its favour, because unless you have prejudices in favour of a country or a cause, you cannot see the best of it: you cannot even understand it. But he must also have a double mind which, while it is steeped in prejudices, can at the same time free itself from prejudice in the interest of truth—a thing I, for one, have always found it most difficult to do even in private. The man we should really trust, I am convinced, is not the man on the spot, but the man with the double mind. It is to men on the spot that most of the world's miseries are due. Y. Y.

JE MAINTIENDRAI

To Herr Hitler's offer to make Holland inviolable and neutral for all time the Dutch Government have replied that the inviolability of Dutch territory is axiomatic in their national policy and that they are not prepared to make it a matter of discussion with any other country —*Times*, February 15th.

WHILE our hearts of oak are smitten
With the utmost trepidation
Lest the attitude of Britain
Should estrange the Nazi nation,
While our hand we vainly proffer
With most affable exertion,
Holland spurns the Nazi offer
With peculiar aversion.

She remembers how aforetime
She withstood the might of Spain once,
And the British fleet in wartime
Chivvied on the bounding main once,
And may yet raise sons to keep her
Like a Statthalter new-risen
Or van Tromp, the Channel-sweeper,
With a broom lashed to the mizzen.

And if Nazi souls are straining
With the Third Reich to combine land
All the sacred mouths containing
Of the river of the Rhineland,
Rather fighting, undefeated,
Let the flooded sea secure her,
Than by Nazi treaties cheated
Live by favour of the Führer.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

REARMAMENT

SIR,—The present turn of events in Spain suggests the following reflections.

1. The National Government has no intention of using the power furnished by rearmament in the interests of democracy or collective security. It cannot take credit for putting any check on open Fascist intervention, for the only reason this has not been greater is patently the fact that (i) Hitler has promised his people not to use German troops except in defence of German soil and has therefore had to conceal the dispatch of volunteers carefully from them, and (ii) Mussolini promised after the Abyssinian war a period of rest and consolidation.

2. The revival of the question of colonies by Hitler suggests that his military advisers are now confident of victory and that Franco will be allowed to use the full weight of his foreign troops in the new offensive.

3. It is hard now to believe that we did not offer Italy a free hand in Spain in return for the Mediterranean agreement. If this were so it implies that the Fascist powers were given to understand that the efforts to stop the sending of volunteers were merely bluff designed for French and English opinion and would be tacitly dropped when the war took a decisive turn.

4. In the event of a rebel victory, the Government will clearly aim at friendship with Franco in order to ensure the safety of Gibraltar. This must mean estrangement from France. The Government may then try to detach Italy and Spain from Germany or it may counter the demand for a return of colonies by encouraging Germany to expand at someone else's expense. In either case rearmament is clearly to be used solely to protect imperialist interests and particularly the Mediterranean route, and this is to be done by bargaining with the Fascist powers. This is clearly a return to pre-war methods of power politics.

5. To win public support for this policy, Mr. Baldwin would be prepared to use the method he used to secure rearmament, of manoeuvring England into such a position that his policy will seem the only one that a "self-respecting Englishman" could support. If this is his intention, the Labour Party is playing into his hands by its uncertainty about rearmament. It is time to emerge from the "intellectual crisis" as to what risks it is desirable to take for Collective Security and how far the good intentions of the Government can be trusted. The party must show that, even if the Clergy in their learning believe that the present policy is one of collective security, it is not so gullible. The need of the moment is a national campaign to make it clear to the Government that this country will never fight a war again purely to defend imperial interests or a "defensive" war of the old "power politics" type, and that it will not tolerate an alliance with any Fascist power. The rearmament programme must be opposed wholeheartedly until the Government shows some positive proof of good will. By the time of the next election campaign there will have to be some decision about the conditions in which this country would be prepared to fight for its defence. Whatever this decision is, it should command the support of all peace-lovers, except religious pacifists, as an alternative to the present policy. If Transport House refuses to give a lead, Left opinion must work for a spontaneous agitation that will force its hands. Above all, the initiative in this must not be left to the Communist Party. H. R. L. WRIGHT

King's College, Cambridge.

SIR,—If a Socialist Government were in power in this country to-day it would have the same international problem to face as the National Government. Every honest Socialist knows that such a government would rearm. And, therefore, unless he takes a perfectionist or idealist view—i.e., the view that until this country is actually Socialist we can do nothing with the international problem—he must face the question: "Do you then support the rearmament policy of the National Government?"

The Labour movement of this country is well organised and powerful. We have enormous reserves of vitality and resistance. There is nothing wrong with us, except that we have forgotten what we are in the world to do. Perhaps in making a serious and united effort to meet this rearmament challenge we shall find ourselves again.

We can and must refuse all co-operation in any National Government rearmament programme until we have compelled the Government to give us those safeguards which would make it *our* programme, and not *theirs*.

The raising of the arms embargo against the Government of Spain, the nationalisation of armament industries, co-operation in all questions of defence with those Socialist and Democratic countries, especially France and Russia, which are the embryo of a real League of Nations—until these demands are fulfilled the whole British Labour movement should, and could, call a halt to all rearmament.

In the fulfilling of these demands, too, this Government, which in Manchuria, in Abyssinia, and now in Spain, has betrayed the cause of humanity and brought Fascist guns almost within reach of our shores, would be driven to give place to those who are not blinded by their imperial and class interests. IRENE GRANT

25 Pyecombe Corner, N.12.

BOY PRISONERS

SIR,—In his interesting letter in your last issue Mr. Henriques rightly deplores the presence in prison of youths between 16 and 21. But these youths will continue to be sent to prison if

no alternative method of treatment is available between probation or a fine on the one hand and the severe sentence of three years Borstal training on the other. The alternative that Mr. Henriques suggests seems to be punishment by a short period of detention with a routine so strict and strenuous as to be an effective deterrent —in fact a prison, and rather an old-fashioned one, in everything but name. (He adds the important proviso that the period of detention would be followed by a period of supervision.)

Surely we can do better than this. We might develop the hostel system so that Probation with a condition of residence might be made better use of. We might press for adequate Remand Homes and Observation Centres for adolescents in non-penal surroundings. There may be a place for a short-term Borstal. And, if magistrates still want to send some youths to prison, why not aim at reforming the prisons so that they may not bring about the "complete and utter ruin" of the youth, to use Mr. Henriques' words? If this is the result of a prison sentence on a lad between 16 and 21, it is hard to believe that the effect can be very salutary on a young man between, say, 21 and 30. CLARA D. RACKHAM

Cambridge.

THE AMENITIES OF LONDON

SIR,—Apropos of Hypocritic's remarks in last week's London Diary concerning the vandalism which is destroying the beauty and unity of many of the finest streets and squares in London, I was interested to note that on February 10th an excellent debate on the subject took place in the House of Commons. Speakers belonging to all parties joined in condemning the present orgy of destruction and in asking the Government to do something about it. Mr. Hudson, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, made quite a nice little reply in which he urged the usual "education of public opinion" and accepted a motion calling on the Government to take active steps to ascertain whether its existing powers are sufficient or whether they require reinforcement.

In contrast with the interest at last being shown by M.P.s in this extremely important subject one notes a certain apathy among local government councillors. Neither the Labour Party nor the Municipal Reformers have made this question a plank in their respective platforms at the forthcoming L.C.C. Election. Those of us who are Socialists would wish to feel that the London Labour Party stands for a continual striving to ensure that London shall be a beautiful and civilised city; and one feels that the Socialist philosophy must lead logically in this direction, but so far the Labour Party in the Metropolis has not given this matter the prominence in its public announcements which it deserves, although one knows from private sources that many of the individual members care about the matter greatly. It is, I suggest, a mistake to think that there are no votes in what are called amenities. There must be a very large number of people living in London who would vote for any party regardless of its name which really made it clear that it was not indifferent to the face of London. It would, therefore, be a great help to the Labour cause on March 4th if Mr. Morrison would make an unambiguous statement on this matter. In some of the provincial cities one sometimes finds among local councillors the same mistaken ideas about "economy" that are cherished by the ordinary hard-boiled business man, but I do not think that that is the case in London, at any rate not on the L.C.C. J. W. C.

DIVORCE LAW

SIR,—In the Sermon on the Mount, where we find Christ's words on marriage and divorce, we also find the injunction, "Love your enemies." Now we know quite well it would be futile in the very nature of things to attempt to compel a person to love anyone. Yet in the matter of marriage, where the vital condition of success is mutual affection, this is just what we attempt to do. It is the undue emphasis on the inviolability of marriage and the use of coercion to secure it which surrounds this question with so much unreality. To base our moral values upon convention and tradition as we do to-day is not enough. This too often results in a moral respectability which is nothing more than a veneer. For whilst divorce is regarded as a scandal, other sins such as hatred and dishonesty do not expose people to the same condemnation. But according to Jesus the evidence of good will to all was as essential in His sight as freedom from adultery. And both had to do with the condition of the inner life and thought and not merely with outward conduct. In the light of this it must be admitted that the orthodox approach to the question of marriage and divorce is no longer valid. We have no more right intrinsically to insist upon the indissolubility of marriage than we have on the injunction, "Love your enemies." We should not insist upon the one without insisting upon the other.

In the whole realm of morals and religion what is wrong is the lack of perspective and sense of proportion, and an undue dependence upon tradition and convention. We talk of looseness in present-day morals, but forget that the world is passing through another Renaissance which must inevitably be accompanied by a revolt against the old order. This was so in the Renaissance of the fifteenth century, but its best fruits were gathered and preserved by the Reformation. New light thrown upon the nature and purpose of God introduced the world into a new era of progress. But the Reformation of the sixteenth century is not sufficient for the twentieth. We need another Reformation to gather up and control the discoveries of our modern world. A new reformation would give us a new morality, which, without compromising the right, would reveal a more sympathetic understanding of human nature and its basic needs. In the past the danger has been to deal with religious and ethical values arbitrarily without considering the well-being of human nature as a whole. Those early ecclesiastics, who prematurely imposed Christ's ideal of marriage upon the Western world as a law to be applied by coercion, were men whose theological ideas compelled them to regard the physical side of man's nature as evil. This distorted their view of the sex life. And, strange to say, we are not yet free from the influence of this distorted view.

The forces of obscurantism are still strong. The Church is afraid to discard the work of man which through the centuries has overlaid those fundamental principles enunciated by Jesus. Those principles are abiding, but not their interpretation and application. These must change to meet the needs of every age, as God intended they should. Man's contribution to life is temporal and we have not failed to recognise this in the realm of science. Then why should we in the sphere of morals and religion? WILLIAM BENNETT

The Manse, Wells, Somerset.

OUR CIVIL SERVICE

SIR,—Mr. Richard Church ends the review of *The British Civil Servant*, which I edited (Messrs. Allen and Unwin), by saying that the book may be called "a thoroughly sound *outside* survey." This appears to me scarcely justified. Five of the contributors have actually served in one branch or another of the public service for varying periods up to a maximum of more than 40 years, and four of the others have enjoyed quite exceptional opportunities for observing the Civil Service (central or local) through actual contact with its organisations. I therefore feel that it would be difficult to get more closely to the inside of the service than has been done by most of the contributors I was fortunate to enlist in this enterprise. WILLIAM A. ROBSON

6 Westbourne Park Road, W.2.

DR. DAVID EDER

SIR,—A Memoir is proposed of the late Dr. David Eder. Specialist contributions will be made on his work as a Zionist, and as one of the first Freudian therapeutists in London. As an advanced sociologist he took part in the earliest school clinics in the East End, advocated the Endowment of Motherhood and assisted in the formation of the London Labour Party. Information on these subjects and the loan of letters would be welcomed by me at this address, Mrs. Eder having asked me to undertake the proposed Memoir. J. B. HOBMAN

8 Gardnor Mansions, Church Row,
Hampstead, N.W.3.

SOCIALISM IN SWEDEN

SIR,—In Mrs. Paula Wiking's comments on Socialism in Sweden, in your issue of January 30th, there is a mis-statement of fact.

The Swedish Socialists have not an absolute majority in the Riksdag and never had one. Had they joined forces with the Communists or the "I.L.P." group in the Chamber after the September elections, they would still have been without a majority in the Senate. These wavering and unprincipled groupings would

in any case have added no guarantee against what Mrs. Wiking calls "'democratic' shilly-shallying." They are so small that they would not even have been able to claim representation on the parliamentary committees, so vital to the working of Swedish parliamentarism. BJARNE BRAATOY

[Mrs. Wiking replies: "In answer to Mr. Braatoy's criticism of my original letter, I find to my regret that I have been guilty of ambiguity in my use of the term 'Socialists.' The Socialist *party* majority is very great, but not absolute. My reference, however, was to the *Government*, which is a Socialist Coalition between the Social Democrats and the Farmers' League. This Government has an absolute majority in both Chambers. Here are the official figures:

Second (Lower) Chamber:		
Conservatives (*höger*)	44	71
People's Party (*folkpartiet*)	27	
Farmers' League (*bondeförbundet*)	36	148
Social Democrats (*socialdemokrater*)	112	
'Socialists' (*socialister*)	6	11
Communists (*kommunister*)	5	
Total	230	
First (Upper) Chamber:		
Conservatives	44	61
People's Party	17	
Farmers' League	22	88
Social Democrats	66	
'Socialists'	1	
Total	150	

"The People's Party is a combination of Liberal, Nonconformist and Temperance elements, who at present support the Conservatives, and with them form the Opposition.

"The 'Socialists'—a new name for this particular party—are, I gather, something in the nature of Trotskyists.

"As the figures show, there is an absolute Government majority in both Houses, even without the extreme Left parties.

"My main argument, however, was that Sweden has so long and firmly rooted a tradition of liberty and civic rights as greatly to facilitate the working of a Labour Government, while its very Socialism at the same time has an unmistakably conservative tinge. Mr. Braatoy's letter in no way invalidates this argument. Indeed, in more ways than one, it rather confirms it."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SPANISH EXHIBITION

SIR,—The above Committee is organising a Spanish Exhibition to illustrate, by means of photographs, maps, posters and actual material exhibits from the war, the history and course of the present struggle in Spain.

The Exhibition will open at 36 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4, on February 20th, and will run for a month in London, after which it will be sent to various provincial towns, where there is already a considerable demand for such an exhibition.

The object of the Exhibition is to give a clear and consecutive account of the events leading up to the revolt and of the course of the struggle in Spain, together with the endeavours now being made in Government territory to reorganise and rebuild. The Exhibition consists of material collected in Spain by representatives of the Committee, and the greater part of the exhibits have not previously been shown in this country.

We hope that your readers will make the Exhibition known, as we believe that it will show the remarkable possibilities of social development in Spain once the reactionary forces are overcome. Evidence of these developments are reported by all who return from Spain and have seen at first hand the educational and social work now being carried out there.

The proceeds of the Exhibition are being sent to Valencia, Barcelona and Bilbao for relief work.

Spanish Exhibition Committee, 82 Clifford's Inn, E.C.4. CRISTINA HASTINGS CHURCHILL A. M. WALL

THE MISANTHROPE

SIR,—May I add a note to your notice of the *Misanthrope* at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge?

The translation by Mrs. Duncan Jones was originally commissioned by the Otherwise Club in 1934, and was performed by them that summer for one week at their Barn Theatre at Shere. Mme. Lopokova saw this production, and recently the original manuscript of the translation was sent to her for the current production at the Arts Theatre, in which her husband, Mr. J. M. Keynes, has a considerable interest. RICHARD R. FORD,

32 Percy Street, W.1. Treasurer of the Otherwise Club

THE WYNNE DIARIES

SIR,—In your issue of February 13th Mr. David Garnett gives an admirable two columns to the Wynne Diaries. Unfortunately, he quotes the price as 10*s.* 6*d.* net a volume, whereas this figure applies only to Volume II. Volume I was published at 15*s.* net. HUMPHREY MILFORD

The Oxford University Press.

Miscellany

"CANDIDA, CANDIDA, CANDIDA."

(MARCHBANKS, ACT III.)

CANDIDA is the story of the love of a poet, age eighteen, for a practical, clear-headed, sympathetic woman, who has been married some years to a hard-working, socialistic clergyman with a tremendous gift for moral exhortation. He is a perfectly sincere man, in the sense that he has never uttered a word which he did not honestly believe to be sincere at the time. But in order to get the maximum energy out of himself he has avoided probing himself or examining his relations towards others. His habitual behaviour and utterances would come, therefore, under the head of what Carlyle called "sincere cant." He is certainly a good man, and believes himself to be a strong one. He is devoted to his wife, who returns his affection; but he regards himself as her protector, and the adoration with which his fellow-workers look up to him, and the influence he wields from platform and pulpit, have blinded him to the fact that he is really the weaker of the two. She, on the other hand, is well aware of this, and it increases her love for him to feel he is dependent on her.

Into this home comes a poet who is so sensitive to the attitudes of others towards himself and the emotional atmosphere of the moment, that he is helpless in practical matters. He is a shrinking embarrassed creature who appeals at first to Candida's tenderness as a waif and an adorer whom she can shelter and protect. But she soon becomes aware of a side of him which goes near to alarming her once or twice, just as it disturbs "Prossy," the typist, and ends by terrifying Morrell. In fact, it would frighten her, too, were she not really the most matter-of-fact of the four. Candida has a good deal of George Sand in her. She has a great admiration for intense emotion and poetic sensibility; but you feel that the only things she really believes in are the plain ones plain people value most—a happy fireside, hard regular work and practical kindness. There is, really, no plumbing the depths of her condescension towards the ideals of a poet. Marchbanks appeals to Candida as Chopin and Musset appealed to George Sand; while thinking that she sympathises with him completely she really only does so as far as she can mother him. Nevertheless, she is immensely grateful to him for undertsanding her situation *vis-a-vis* her husband, and she enjoys his adoration without being moved by it. She realises at the end that he must stand alone; for, like a true poet, he is incorruptibly sincere and courageous in facing the extent of his longings; he will not allow them to be satisfied with less than ambrosial food. Living in a world of emotions, and understanding them, he is strong where practical people are weak. The Rev. James Morrell begins by laughing patronisingly at what he considers a case of calf-love—and he feels so sure of Candida. The dialogues between them are among the truest and most spirited Bernard Shaw has written.

Morrell begins to realise that this love is more serious than he expected. Still sonorously self-complacent, though keeping

up with more and more difficulty an attitude of brotherly forbearance, he proceeds to crush the poet with patronising and moral harangues, which alas, have a fatal platform ring about them. They are powerful enough in their way (the dramatist does not secure the poet's victory by undermining his adversary beforehand), but they are nothing to the terrible directness of Marchbank's retorts, each of which makes a breach in the parson's self-confidence that hitherto he imagined impregnable. But Morrell's habit of attacking others from the pulpit has unfitted him for a close-quarters grapple with an adversary whose sincerity is profounder than his own. He begins to feel his own weakness, and terror seizes him that perhaps the poet is right, and that when rousing meetings to enthusiasm by his emotional oratory his wife may have despised him in her heart. He loses self-control and twice he shakes Marchbanks by the collar. The first time Marchbanks screams in nervous terror, the second, he is indifferent, for by that time he has made a discovery: Morrell really loves his wife. The *man* is no longer abhorrent to him. This small detail is worth pointing out, since it is an indication of the psychological penetration with which the conflict between these two characters is interpreted, and shows how well the dramatist understands the nature of a Shelley. It is a combination of insensitive bullying hatred with physical violence that drives such natures screaming crazy, not fear for their own skins. Lack of self-control in a fellow creature, himself bewildered and miserable, though it may lead to violence, has no horror for the poet. One of the most remarkable features of the play throughout is the swiftness of the boy's intuition of what is really at stake from moment to moment, contrasted with the blundering blindness of his adversary, rocking back and forth between self-satisfied confidence and terrified despair.

Their first tussle has borne in on Morrell that perhaps he, too, has been wanting in courage. So he keeps, after all, an appointment to speak that night, leaving Candida and Marchbanks alone together. When he returns he finds the boy with his head in Candida's lap; and in the last act the lovers confront each other and demand that she shall choose between them. Candida with ironical acquiescence enquires what her lords and masters have severally to bid. This scene was one of the most dramatic on the stage of my youth. Her husband in proud manly humility offers his strength for protection, his honesty of purpose as her surety, and his industry for her support.

> *Candida* (quite quietly): And you, Eugene? What do you offer?
> *Marchbanks:* My weakness! My desolation! My heart's need!
> *Candida:* That's a good bid, Eugene. Now I know how to make my choice.

And she chooses "the weaker." Morrell collapses, thinking all is over, but the poet knows in a moment that the sentence has gone against himself. He goes away without bitterness, with exultation rather, and husband and wife fall into each other's arms. We are told in the text that neither guesses the secret in the poet's heart. But *we* do. What they enjoy he neither wants nor envies. To put it bluntly his secret is contempt for connubial domesticity.

Candida marked an important point in Mr. Shaw's dramatic career. In it appeared for the first time what was to become more and more obvious, that his touchstone for the metal in human nature was an instinctive readiness in man or woman to risk happiness and be content instead with an occasional gaiety, springing from a sense of fortitude and power, and devotion to some impersonal end. As he went on, he came to identify this emotion with a religious response to life, but he seldom dramatised it better.

The revival of *Candida* at the Globe Theatre started in me several trains of reflection, two of which are perhaps worth following up on paper. It has not been good for Bernard Shaw's art, and in the end for his "message," that his unique position allowed him to drift so far from conventional form. The informal looseness of construction which he afterwards adopted often threw the entire onus of holding our attention on the freshness of the ideas to which his characters in turn gave utterance. In *Candida* they were embodied before our eyes in situations; *Candida*, revived, is therefore just as capable as it was thirty or thirty-five years ago of riveting us. But *Getting Married*, *Misalliance*, etc., now the ideas debated in them are no longer startling or fresh, what chance would they have in revival? Our systems have assimilated in the course of fifty years about as much Shaw, the thinker, as they will stand. We would come away from such revivals saying, "I told you so; Shaw's a back-number." The Globe management seems to have been afraid (quite unnecessarily) of such a verdict in the case of *Candida*. So, to liven it up with contemporary appeal, they made an awful blunder. They billed a lovely movie star in the title-role! Think of it! A faultless platinum blonde, a cynosure of the cinemas, playing the part of the extremely clever, hardworking, unfathomably sensible wife of an East End clergyman!

This piece of miscasting made me reflect also on the difference between the technique of stage and film-acting. Between the acts I went out to look at Miss Ann Harding in her element—that is to say, in a photograph, and to gaze upon her lifted chin, her perfect mouth and dreaming eyes. But on the stage she was lifeless. She moved with the gradual grace of a mermaid under water, and the expressions on her face when she registered emotion (which was not very often) gathered themselves so slowly that by that time her face was often out of keeping with the words she was actually uttering. She dangled her white fingers (those fingers which in the play were used to scrubbing boots, filling lamps and cutting onions) with the elegance of a Peter Lely portrait. As ill-luck would have it, she was constantly on the stage with an actress (Miss Athene Seyler) quivering with life from her tousled curls to her firm, graceless tread. I think, really, this revival ought to be renamed "Prossy." With one fault I have to reproach that Rejanesque comedienne who gave us so many good laughs: Miss Seyler overdoes Prossy's exit under the genial influence of champagne. I remember at the Court Theatre Miss Sydney Fairbrother got full effect out of that exit by the slight inanity of her smile at the door and just a suggestion, no more, of titubation on the way to it. It was a finer piece of work. Otherwise, Miss Seyler was wonderful.

For me Janet Achurch is still "Candida." The play came to Cambridge in the 'nineties while I was an undergraduate, and she was the recipient of my first bouquet (it was thus that males expressed their pleasure in those days). I was too diffident to send it round to the stage door in my own name, so I signed it "From a Marchbanks or two," thinking there must be other admirers of eighteen in the half-empty theatre. It was Janet Achurch who revealed to me the deeper significance of the play. Marchbanks did not satisfy me till I saw the part acted by Mr. Granville-Barker (1905) and now he has been eclipsed—oh, yes, eclipsed—by the very remarkable performance of Mr. Stephen Haggard. He is the first poet I have seen on the stage whose works I wished to read! It is worth going to the Globe Theatre simply to watch him act, though as I have said Miss Seyler is also first-rate, while Mr. Nicholas Hannen gives a trenchant and vigorous version of Morrell, and Mr. Edward Chapman (supplying a touch of Yorkshire) gets the fun out of the part of the egregious Mr. Burgess. Mr. Hannen is perhaps too rigid. He is apt, as an actor, to fall back too often on rigidity (clenched jaw and stiff posture) as means of conveying more emotion than he directly expresses. There is one moment, certainly, early on in the play, where Morrell should speak out of himself—and move us, when he has been goaded by Marchbanks into dropping for a moment his virile façade. It is the first time that he counters his adversary at the same depth of sincerity. I mean the line in which Morrell turns on the boy crying, "You destroy my self-confidence, and to let doubts into the citadel is devil's work." I wanted Mr. Hannen to speak that line I have paraphrased more like one suddenly hard hit, and with an indignant helpless gesture.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

FATAL FOLLY

Translated from the mediaeval French of Alain Chartier (c. 1386–1449).

O fatal folly, folly of mortal men
Who pride yourselves so on the gifts of fortune!
Upon this earth, this land whereon you happen
Have you a single thing which is your own?
You have indeed as yours no single one
For all are but the gracious boons of nature.
And so indeed if Fortune peradventure
Do take them back leaving you quite forlorn
'Tis nothing wrong, 'tis just a strict accounture
Since you indeed had nought when you were born.

Do not neglect to take your fill of sleep
In your own bed by night obscure and thick,
Seek not to pile up riches heap by heap,
Covet beneath the moon no earthly wick
From Paris even as far as Pampelune,
But only what is needful to a creature
Just simply that which nourishes his nature;
Let it suffice to be of good renown
Bearing your honour into your sepulchre
Since you indeed had nought when you were born.

The joyous fruits of trees, the luscious plums,
In days when every good thing was in common,
The honey clear, the fat grains and the gums
They did suffice for each and every one.
All had these, noise and rancour there was none.
So be content whether in heat or cold
And Fortune ever in sweet calm behold.
Grieve not your losses and all mourning scorn
Beyond what may be decorously told
Since you indeed had nought when you were born.

Has Fortune injured you? Do not repine
'Tis but its own that from your back is torn;
And if you have lost all, still do not whine
Since you indeed had nought when you were born.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"On Your Toes," Palace Theatre

While it is, at all events, unusual to find a musical comedy which has a real plot and a plot which is connected throughout, the rival claims of tap-dance and ballet do not prove quite so suitable a foil to each other as one might expect. This is largely because the ballet school producing *La Princesse Zenobia*, with an eye to burlesque, treats the matter in too subtle a way for the musical-comedy audience of to-day, even if they have seen M. de Basil's or M. Blum's creations. Vera Zorina, an extremely good dancer of the real ballet school, has a very developed sense of humour, and the result is that her genuine *fouettés* and *entrechats* are greeted with just as much laughter as her brilliant skits on technique. The first half of the piece falls, consequently, between two stools and, except for Miss Olive Blakeney's wisecracks and Miss Gina Malo's singing of "A Small Hotel," is hardly up to standard. The second half is much better. An admirable display by the chorus in the number from which the comedy derives its title and the tap-dance ballet with which the act closes, in which Mr. Jack Whiting shows his powers as a hoofer, would stand out in any entertainment. The sets and costumes, except for the plush and gilt-rococo scheme of the finale, are undistinguished; but the production is slick and polished, and almost everyone gives a good performance. But it is Miss Zorina's evening, and we hope to see her again in other pieces, when this one has run to its successful close.

"As You Like It," The New

Apart from the character of Rosalind and the few touches of the Clown and the melancholy Jaques, what a dull play *As You Like It* is. But in Rosalind how much of enchantment lies. Miss Edith Evans, repeating her brilliant performance of the "Old Vic," gives a full-length portrait that neither the artificiality of the Watteau production—incidentally ugly and badly lit—nor the discrepancy of her age can dim. Small wonder that Orlando is at her feet at first sight; who would not be? This is the true measure of what a woman can give. The ardent love, the tender understanding, the change of mood and the courage are all here. And with the music of her voice and the grace of her gesture Evans, as the old audiences would have called her, lights up every phase of Rosalind, illumines every line of Shakespeare's verse in what can only be called the great tradition of acting, never more so than when to round off the eighteenth-century presentation of the play, she speaks an inserted epilogue. There is probably no other actress in England, except Miss Marie Tempest, who could touch the distinction of this short speech or the beauty of the curtsey with which she concludes. Mr. Michael Redgrave adds greatly to his laurels as Orlando. He, too, has the power to speak verse, and also—which is rare these days—knows how to wear costume and still look a man. He has youth and spirits as Orlando and, in addition, gives a very good account of the romantic side of the part. Mr. Leon Quartermaine's Jaques is familiar, and despite a mid-nineteenth century make-up, as effective as ever. It is a pity that the scenery is so very commonplace, but for a limited run one must not ask too much. It is enough to have Miss Evans.

"Macbeth," at Oxford

"A most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement," was Pepys' verdict on *Macbeth*. In the O.U.D.S. performance this week the producer, the designers of the costumes and décor, and the composer of the barbaric music have all added their quotas to Shakespeare's provision of "divertisement." It was an extremely interesting and lively performance. In one respect, indeed, the liveliness was rather overdone; there was too much hustle, not only in movement, but in the speeches. Add to this the big stage and big auditorium in the Oxford Theatre, and the tendency of some of the actors to muffle their voices, and it was inevitable that the poetry should suffer. The outstanding performance was Margaret Rawlings' Lady Macbeth. Her interpretation was original and arresting. Here was no ferocious tragedy queen of the old convention, but a woman, human and sensitive. In the agony and horror of the sleep-walking scene she was, both in speech and action, profoundly moving. Mr. Witty (Exeter) was uneven as Macbeth. He was full of energy, but he suffered from the prevailing habit of rushing his lines and from a monotony of his own. He came out stronger and clearer in the later scenes—and he was generally best when he was away from his wife. Among the lesser personages, Macduff (Mr. Denison, Magdalen) rose to the occasion in the awful moment when he hears of the murder of his wife and chicks. The witches were prominent in the new divertisement. They were not Shakespeare's weird sisters, but "disembodied shapes" (which, incidentally, did speak clearly), wearing white masks and gloves and designed to look like lepers. Their habitat was not a blasted heath, but a sort of bridge on the castle battlements, where they crouched and mixed their sinister potions. The problems of décor and stage effects in general were ingeniously handled, but not perfectly solved. The credit for the costumes (Viking for the Scottish warriors, Plantagenet for the English and the refugees, and God knows what for the witches) belongs to Mr. John Irvine (Christ Church), who explains his views in an interesting note in the programme.

"The Road to Ruin," Ambassadors

Thomas Holcroft—cobbler, Newmarket stable-boy, playwright, novelist, miscellaneous writer and Jacobin—has been unduly neglected of recent years. If not exactly a distinguished man, he was at least an uncommonly interesting one, and he did write one good play. *The Road to Ruin*, first performed in 1792, was not only immensely popular at the time, but continued to be a stock piece until the 'eighties, when it unaccountably dropped out of costume comedy repertory. Perhaps the melodramatic title prejudiced it in late Victorian taste. But Mr. Sydney Carroll and Mr. Baliol Holloway have done well in reviving it—not for the sake of its literary quality, of which the best that can be said is that it is very fair, but for the opportunities it affords for thoroughly sound acting. The first night of the production was marred by a peculiarly unhappy accident which threw everything into sixes and sevens, and next morning's press comments, though polite, were not cordial. But the mischief has been cured, and the play

now goes with that delightful rhythm that one seldom finds except in artificial comedy done by experienced players who are not ashamed of the conventions of their art. There is one great "character" part, Goldfinch, the Regency sporting buck; and Mr. Fred Royal clowns as brilliantly as one could wish. It demands the exuberant spirits, the nimbleness of movement and the rapid but perfectly clear articulation that every Italian comedian can compass but are rarely to be found on the English stage. If Mr. Royal has the fat part, Miss Lesley Wareing has the thin one. Sophia is a singularly feeble ingenue, but it is to Miss Wareing's credit that she makes her very nearly credible.

"Mazurka," at the Curzon.

There is a homely quality about films made in Austria that is endearing. It is not that one would care to have such things as happen in *Mazurka* going on in the back parlour—oh! dear no—but that there is an absence of sheen, and in contrast with the Hollywood products an emphasis on the human rather than the superhuman qualities of the actors. What goes on is in fact a résumé of a *crime passionnel*—taken, according to the subtitle, from something that actually happened in Vienna in 1930. Mme Pola Negri, making a belated but superb return to the movies is a singer whose wrongs are described in a flashback. Albrecht Schoonhals is a type of piano-playing Don Juan all right-thinking people must immediately loathe. But the sensation of the piece is Fraulein Ingeborg Theek, a ravishing young thing with eyes as tender as a gazelle and that soft hanging blonde hair Miss Garbo sometimes has. One sees too little of her, for after halfway Mme Negri rather takes command. Everyone must see Fraulein Theek, and doubtless there will be opportunities in the years to come. But anyone who wants to know the meaning of that recurrent phrase "everything went black" should hasten to the Curzon—everything goes black three times.

A Skating Ballet

Les Patineurs received an ovation after its first performance last Tuesday which it thoroughly deserved. Mr. Constant Lambert has taken music from two of Meyerbeer's operas and made an excellent divertissement to which Mr. Frederick Ashton's choreography is ingenious and full of happy invention, not omitting even some of the comic features of skating on which his dancing steps are based. The setting and costumes by Mr. William Chappell are delightful. This divertissement has a unity of style and admirably reveals the capacities of the soloists and the *corps de ballet*, giving Mr. Harold Turner especially a chance to make the most of his virtuosity. Miss Margot Fonteyn, on the other hand, has too little opportunity to display her powers, and this suggests the only thing this delightful ballet lacks, which is a slow, sentimental number in which Miss Fonteyn and Mr. Helpmann could provide a contrast to the too persistent liveliness of the ballet as a whole.

Ivon Hitchins and Nicholas Bristowe, at Lefevre's

On many occasions in the past Mr. Ivon Hitchins has shown his pretty talent to the world. He has a nice touch, a genuine interest in his subjects and a personal colour sense. For years he has been one of the few artists of distinction working in England. After all this it seems a little paradoxical to add that he is promising—but that is what he is. He has always promised, and he has always put his admirers off with renewals rather than fulfilments. In his painting he is like the musician who is prevented by the beauty of his first few bars from adding more that might fall below this standard. Great works have been produced by the *premier coup*—the Chinese, we hear, swear by it—but Mr. Hitchins scorns a limited and formal art. To give away all that he has and plunge into the chancey and adventurous business that Cézanne called realisation, requires great strength of mind—for, like the young man in the New Testament, what Mr. Hitchins has already is worth having. Again, for him to discard what he must recognise as saleable and good and to go off in search of an unknown, would be, as most people who have seen the woodlands and flowers of his present show will agree, rash and even foolhardy. But unless Mr. Hitchins goes in search of it, unless he is willing to push farther into the woods, the unknown he has promised to reveal will remain forever hidden. Mr. Nicholas Bristowe, who is holding his first one-man show in the other room at Lefevre's, is a straightforward painter with a pleasant lack of obvious subtleties. His colour is often over-sweet, his painting is always a little crude, but the pictures, particularly the English scenes, are attractive. If Mr. Bristowe can keep away from the too-blue Mediterranean he should do well.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, February 19th—
- S.C.R. Dr. Elizabeth Hill on "Pushkin," Royal Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, 8.
- Meeting organised by C.N.T.-F.A.I. on "The Relation of the Church in Spain with Fascism." Speeches by Ethel Mannin, Emma Goldman and others, Friends' House, 8.

SATURDAY, February 20th—
- Spanish Exhibition, 36 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Admission 6*d.*; after 6 p.m., 3*d.* Open until March 20th.

SUNDAY, February 21st—
- Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton on "Music and Life," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, February 22nd—
- "La Crise est Finie," Everyman Cinema.

TUESDAY, February 23rd—
- Howard League for Penal Reform Luncheon. David Wills on "Crime Without Punishment—the Q Camp Experiment," Comedy Restaurant, Panton Street, 12.45. (Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.*)
- Peter Manniche on "The Work of the International People's College," Friends' House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- G. P. Gooch on "The Outlook in Europe," Kensington Town Hall, 5.30.
- "Twelfth Night," Old Vic.
- Mrs. R. Ellis Roberts on "Is War Beautiful?" First Edition Club, 6 Little Russell Street, 8.30.

WEDNESDAY, February 24th—
- Mr. Hugh Lyon on "Some Tendencies in Modern Education," W. H. Smith's Bookshop, High Street, Kensington, 4.30.
- "Retreat from Folly," Queen's Theatre.

THURSDAY, February 25th—
- National Peace Council. Dr. Brinley Thomas on "The Economic Problem and World Peace—III, Germany," Essex Hall, W.C.1, 6.15.
- W.T.A. Annual Russian Reunion Dinner, Bush House Restaurant, 7.45. Display of Russian Travel Films at 6.30. (Tickets 5*s.* 6*d.* from W.T.A., Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.)
- Symposium on "A People's Front." Speeches by Richard Acland, Col. F. V. Delahaye, Capt. W. J. Miller and Maurice Webb, Livingstone Hall, Broadway, 8.
- Aldous Huxley on "Religion and Humanism," Conway Hall, 8.
- Course of Four Lectures on "Childhood Problems." (1) Mrs. A. Blanco White on "In the Family," N.W. Child Guidance Clinic, Sheldon Lodge, Sheldon Road, Cricklewood, 8.30. (Tickets for the course, 7*s.* 6*d.*; single, 2*s.*)

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

NEW catch-phrases and slang words have an irresistible attraction for most people so long as they are new: their novelty gives prestige and people like to be fashionable in words as in ideas and clothes. Indeed even those who are not attracted to the last catch-phrases find that they have to use them in the end just as women have to wear hats having some relation to fashion; if not the spring models, then last autumn's, or anyhow those of the year before last. Yet just as a fashion in hats sooner or later utterly disappears—the last clôche being reluctantly dropped into the dustbin—so every generation eventually throws away the smart once-fashionable catch-words of its fathers or grandfathers.

Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?
Why if it prosper none dare call it treason.

Harrington's epigram is almost true of slang, that treason to plain sense and simple meaning and to the unimpeachable virtuous respectability of the English language. Slang does not prosper: no sooner is the light coin put into general circulation than its silvery brightness begins to wear off. Yet every now and then some new slang use of a word is found to fill a need—but then it prospers so rapidly that it is absorbed into the language, finds its way into the very dullest and stodgiest books and literary pages of the weeklies, and then none—or very few—dare call it slang. A dictionary of slang is therefore in its very nature something like a Newgate calendar: a record of words which are properly looked down on as they are failures. One has only to open *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English from the fifteenth century to the present day*, by Eric Partridge (Routledge, 42*s*.), to be plunged in phrases like: *Does your mother know you're out? Keep your hair on! Face fungus; The answer's a lemon; K-nut; The great unwashed*, phrases all of which send a shiver down one's back.

* * *

Yet in spite of such "refaned" feelings, Partridge's Dictionary is a most fascinating book: an archaeological museum, a veritable Madame Tussaud's of the vulgar language from the fifteenth century to the present day. It is, moreover, a really epoch-making monumental piece of work which has been badly needed, and it is carried out with astonishing industry and learning. Here are collected between forty and fifty thousand entries of which Mr. Partridge reckons 46 per cent. are slang, 42 per cent. colloquialisms, 6½ per cent. solecisms, 5½ per cent. catch-phrases, 1½ per cent. nicknames and a bare ½ per cent. vulgarisms. These latter not being slang at all but those excellent English words "avoided in polite society" and on that account frequently excluded from the O.E.D. even, a knowledge of them may be necessary to understand Shakespeare. Some of the most ordinary of these words which are scarcely ever out of the mouths of cowmen, soldiers and labourers, it is apparently illegal to print in full. Others merely provoke furious letters to the Editor, if one of them is allowed to creep inadvertently into the literary competitions of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Such solidly established words barely touch the fringe of the indecencies. Freud has pointed out that there is scarcely any object, however flat, which has not been given a symbolic value by some ingenious marine, and the *Dictionary of Slang* abundantly bears him out. Yet, for all that, one or two indecencies *have* escaped Mr. Partridge's aseptic touch. As might be expected from an editor of *Songs and slang of the British Soldier* 1914–1918, Mr. Partridge's strongest side is an apparently exhaustive knowledge of military slang, much of which is extremely picturesque; e.g. *rest camp*, cemetery; *square-pushing*, walking out with respectable girls or nursemaids. A certain amount comes from the French, or a misapprehension of French words, e.g., *avec*, spirits, derived from *un café avec* rum or brandy as the case might be. Mr. Partridge is not quite so strong with regard to the slang of flying. For example *hedge-hopping*, though forbidden by the Air Ministry, is not obsolescent. I think to *slip off* height, to *swish* or *swish-tail*, check speed by a yaw before landing, to *shoot-up*, to dive on to, and the *wind-sock* should all find a place.

* * *

Mr. Partridge's weakest side is, I incline to think, in the admittedly difficult matter of derivations. It is more often possible to find a derivation left out than to prove him wrong. Thus he does not give the unpleasant meaning behind the imprecation: *May your rabbit die!* Since I invented a false derivation on this page for *My name is Twyford; I know nothing of the matter* and Mr. Partridge has fallen into the same error, I may as well give the right derivation for which I am indebted to Mr. Brian Guinness. Josiah Twyford, 1640–1729, learned a secret process in the manufacture of a glaze by persistently feigning stupidity and was thus, I believe, able to lay the foundation of the famous firm of sanitary potters. I can confirm Mr. Partridge's suggestion that *pack up my awls and be gone*, which he dates before 1923, should be *alls*, in which form it occurs in *Eliz. Raper's Receipt Book*, written in 1756. She also writes *stuffed up my alls*. Mr. Partridge has found what must be the right derivation of *tanner*. In the eighteenth century *simon* was a sixpence, and Simon was a tanner! Such an allusive transference resembles, what seems to me the dullest of all: rhyming slang. For example *puff and dart*, start; *tit-willow*, pillow; *Tom Thacker*, tobacco; *Tom Thumb*, rum; *Tom Tripe*, a pipe; *Tommy Rabbit*, pomegranate; *Tommy O Rann*, food (from *scran*). Incidentally, of course, *Tommy* is also food, apparently being derived from the loaves of bread distributed on St. Thomas's day. The real interest of this boring rhyming slang is that it is quite extensively used at the present day by certain classes in London. It seems to me to have no more interest in itself than the *larpanguapage* of little boys. A great deal of slang is due to the need to feel one of a gang, or of a smart set, and the use of slang by adolescents, and by soldiers and criminals, is because they are not sure of themselves and the special slang words which have been approved are safer. The poor wretch who uses them is not haunted by the fear of giving himself away, or of surprising his neighbours by saying something original that he means.

* * *

Mr. Partridge does not help with *tansy*, used by Blake to mean cowpat in *An Island in the Moon*, a meaning which is borne out by a passage in *Roderick Random*. Nor does he help with the good country word *gorming* used by D. H. Lawrence in *Love Among the Haystacks* but not mentioned by the O.E.D. and meaning gazing open-mouthed, in a trance. Other words left out are *Black Friday* as used in Labour party circles, also the *woofits*, while under *What cheer!* the universal greeting of labourers and countrymen, one is referred fruitlessly to *cheer! what*. But I have discovered very few omissions. *A Covey of Partridge* (Routledge, 8*s*. 6*d*.), an anthology from the published writings of Eric Partridge, gives a vivid picture of the lexicographer himself. An Australian, educated at Queensland University, Partridge like most of his generation was made what he is by the war, and his account of his war experience, republished from *Three Personal Records of the War* by R. H. Mottram, John Easton and himself, is told with the dry, matter-of-fact detachment which could scarcely be better. The account of his intimate friendship with Felipé, killed in September, 1918, gives the characters of both men so objectively that one knows the one as well as the other. Landing together in Anzac Cove on Gallipoli, they were separated, before the evacuation, by the writer's going down with para-typhoid, but they met again and again in France. There are many other essays in the book showing Partridge's interest in words, in soldier's songs and slang, and the love of literature which led him to found the Scholartis Press, but there is nothing so moving as the dry record of his war experience. I like the

poem on page 303.

DAVID GARNETT

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NEW NOVELS

The Bells of Basel. By LOUIS ARAGON. *Lovat Dickson and Peter Davies.* 8s. 6d.

Saha the Cat. By COLETTE. *Werner Laurie.* 7s. 6d.

Dinosaur Tracks. By BENEDICT THIELEN. *Martin Secker and Warburg.* 7s. 6d.

"*La Révolution Surréaliste*, la revue la plus scandaleuse du monde." In 1928, M. Aragon chose these words with which to introduce his Surrealist book, *Traité du Style*. It was a boomerang remark, because that movement (now mainly English, ten years late, as usual), was in a sense truly scandalous. It still is. Aesthetically, there are enough bones to be picked, but, politically, it is indefensible: it wastes the valuable political energies of many artists, writers, and others, in a romantic fit of studio fidgets. But M. Aragon is wasting no more. *The Bells of Basel* is a very long novel; ill-constructed; somewhat, though not very, difficult to read; impossible to summarise, and well worth buying for those that are at all seriously inclined. The translation is excellent. Its period is the decade before the war, in Paris, when the Guilty Conscience was already appearing—at least in France, where they rather notice these things. The theme is the emergence of what the author conceives of as a new kind of "new woman."

First, we have Diane, whose reaction to disaster is to change her scent, but who has the appalling survivability of the really gifted parasite: she is the central figure in a profuse, but sometimes very exciting, picture of that section of second and first-rate French society which was rich enough seriously to sway the Government. The violent, weaving humanness of the French political machine is beautifully displayed by Diane's friends. Among them, there is a sort of Citroën-Zaharoff, Wisner, presented magnificently as the polite but unswerving *realpolitiker*. "The Fez incidents? Yes, but we have just sent a man down there, Georges, old boy, who is not going to let anyone get away with anything, Lyautey. Do you know him?" At a time like this, when romanticised, inefficient portraits of wicked millionaire warmakers are all the go, it is nice to be shown the genuine thing. The authenticity of all M. Aragon's characters is unmistakable, but thoroughly as the author detests them, behind commendable objectivity, they have one charm, at least, for the English reader. They know so well, pealing with laughter in private rooms at Larue, what they want; they own up to themselves, and to one another. They may be horrible, but they are French, which means that they suffer very little from interior silliness. There is no Baldwinism. They are not demure Tories, foxy, but unhappy, and there is none of that gentlemanly self-deception which is possibly the most shocking quality a man can have.

M. Aragon goes into details which will delight the student: Diane engaged the right sort of governesses.

> Guy got a governess. She was a lady who had suffered reverses—an officer's widow, related to a Minister of the Second Empire, Madame de Lérins. She took him for walks in the Parc Monceau, and made him practise his violin. He barely knew how to read and write, but he had been taught the "breeze" stanzas in the *Bouffons* of Miguel Zamacois and the "Sérénade" of the *Passant*. Madame de Lérins did not like Coppée. She found him dull.

It is against this background of Lalique, Lorraine-Dietrichs and Diane that the author produces the cosmopolitan bourgeoise, Catherine Simonidzé, who, as a type, is one of the most admirable representations I have come across in contemporary literature. She is the kind of handsome young woman that people dislike almost hysterically, because she is outrageous and serious at the same time. I cannot attempt to follow her involved story here—her officer pick-ups, her retreats to the winter seaside alone, her integrity, her socialism, her "misgivings of all sorts about a party which buries its dead to the music of Chopin's march." Catherine was *déclassée* in a new sense of the word: she had abandoned her class in her intellectual, as well as her physical, behaviour. Pursued by the curse of those who are both promiscuous and clever, she was bored by the kind of people that attracted her. She knew almost nothing of the workers, except theoretically, but she spent half of her time working for them, as secretary, for one example, to a taxi strike committee. Anarchists appealed to her most, as they are inclined to do with real intellectuals, since they seem, if impractical, the most intelligent, thorough, and least class-ridden among the Left forces.

To get the most out of this novel, an acquaintance with the more recent French politics, and literature, helps: names like Schwob, Mirabeau, Bataille, Jaurès, Lafargue are sprinkled everywhere, some of whom play actual *rôles* in the novel. At the latter's funeral in Père Lachaise, Lenin and Kollontaï appear, and fragments of their speeches are given: it lends the text something of historical solemnity. Eventually, the author decides that Catherine will be converted to unquestioning obedience, to becoming a "practical," "sensible" revolutionary.

> She knew, in the last analysis, there were two types of women. She had emerged from parasitism and prostitution. . . . Hesitant, vacillating Catherine, how slowly she approaches the light! Yet we are already at the end of 1912, and already a whole humanity exists of which the Catherine Simonidzés perceive only the shadows through a screen. Clara Zetkin is past fifty.

I myself am not so sure that the Catherines have not their own function and value, but there it is, and M. Aragon deserts her. He breaks all the rules of the novelist, as he admits himself, and the last few pages strike a new, and entirely different, note. They form the apotheosis of his "new woman," whom he takes from real life, and who is Clara Zetkin, the militant, the great German revolutionary leader. What was to be the last of the great pre-War International Socialist Congresses was taking place at Basel, and Zetkin spoke. M. Aragon descries his final message in her, and in the existence of women like her.

> She is the woman of to-morrow, or rather—let us dare say it—she is the woman of to-day. The equal. The one to whom this whole book points, the one in whom the social problem of woman is solved, and left behind. The one for whom this problem no longer presents itself. With her, the social problem of woman is no longer different from that of man.

If anyone has doubts that the Dianes of life can ever be thoroughly exorcised—which, I agree with M. Aragon, is on the whole desirable—I am afraid he will have them deepened by Colette. People say that novelists have to be very good if they are to introduce propaganda. My own opinion is that they have to be very good, nowadays, unless they do. Colette, however, is an example of someone who doesn't care a rap for the social structure, and for whom it would be fatal if she did. This particular novel is very slight, by no means one of her best, and is the kind of book that should be read in the original. But it is delicious, all the same. The story is not complicated. Alain, an excessively attractive young man, marries an excessively attractive young woman, Camille. His emotions are really focused upon his Chartreux cat, and he leaves his wife when she tries to kill it by pushing it off a balcony. I will say at once that, contrary to practice, I made no notes while reading this novel, in exactly the same way that one makes no notes when driving, or eating, or swimming in some ravishing July landscape. I didn't even bother to remember that there was a hint of meretriciousness about. Colette's sensuousness is of an accuracy and vigour for which the only word is genius. She is a minor genius of the senses. There may be nothing particularly important about her except this extraordinary high level of sensory perception, where she arranges that one remains with her, but that is important enough. The description of the garden at Neuilly, where Alain dawdles about with his cat, is a masterpiece of awareness. One can almost see, and smell, the thickening summer, the sharp, still lights on the flowers, the wan voices in the street outside, the aromatic intoxication of cold water on hot grass. Saha is not sentimentalised, but passionately and microscopically observed, down to the damp pad-marks she leaves when alarmed. And her alarm is stupendous. Meals, quarrels, blurred panoramas over Paris, they take one's breath away with their likeliness and freshness. One begins to feel that, compared to Colette, most English and American novelists seem to have been born of stocks and stones rather than succeeding generations of physical sensation and experience. The civilisation of the body, inherent in her talent, they have somehow not accumulated. To sum up, this novel is ideal medicine for an English February convalescence; utterly effortless to read, and a springboard in it for nearly everybody's daydreams.

Mr. Thielen's book, to go further, is everybody's book. Products of that incomparable technical training school, *The New Yorker*, each of his short stories contains as many calories as each of the gently jokey English novels, those huge, huge tasteless meals, that I found myself unable to pre-digest this week, and I can assure persons who miss reviews of these books that *Dinosaur Tracks* provides seventeen equally nourishing meals, in one volume, for seven-and-six only, with all the indigestible matter removed.

A particular aptitude of the author's is the conversation of the quarter-articulate, the boring roaring in washrooms made by 100 per cent. American males. He conveys their laughter, and it is as different as could be from the shy rattle with which similar

This'll make you whistle

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Englishmen acknowledge amusement. The post-war Englishman subconsciously knows the game's up, of course. But these American country-clubmen are not so negative and dismissable. Their boringness has a hideous, healthy power that is as entertaining to read about as it must be crushing to hear. *Warehouses in Callao* is the story for this. *Wedding*, the simple account of a transatlantic Registry Office marriage, is a triumph of quiet, understated disappointments. The no lilies, the no satin, the ringing typewriters—then, "Nowp nounceyou mannenwife." *A Good Long Rest* is a story of the old people's holiday that gets too bright and sunny, of the way that perfect weather, too, has something up its sleeve. Then there is *An Old Palace*, with the commanding school-teacher, and the docile one, in Venice. This, of the it's-too-late-now kind, is captivating.

> "Pistoia, Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, Padua, Venice," said Miss Jennings, looking up with that triumphant expression that Miss Marsh had come to know so well lately. . . .
>
> "What?" said Miss Marsh.
>
> "That's the way we'll go to Venice," said Miss Jennings. "Pistoia, Bologna, Ferrara, Padua . . . *e poi Venezia*."
>
> "I thought we might go direct from here," Miss Marsh murmured, but Miss Jennings did not seem to hear her.

My last recommendation among them is *Gifts of God*, which is as exquisitely manipulated a short love story as one might meet with in a month of Sundays.

BRIAN HOWARD

MANCHESTER

Manchester. By RACHEL RYAN. *Methuen.* 5s.

In a series of city biographies, Lady Longford's *Dublin* has been followed by Mrs. Ryan's *Manchester*. The succession seems natural: Dublin's great phase ended about the time that Manchester's was beginning. Dublin's past is panoramic and violent, Manchester's short, complex and, conventionally, prosaic—she was the coming era grubbily crystallised. Her beginning was, it is true, fairly grandiose: she was Brave New World once; pride of the old age of a heroic century. In the last decades of the seventeen-hundreds, society marvelled at the Duke of Bridgewater's hanging canal; visitors poured in to see the functional city.

> No wonder . . . that the feelings of writers about Manchester burst the bonds of prose and exploded into rhymed epigrams and dream-drawings—fleets of ships sailing in a stiff breeze along aerial canals, or allegorical frontispieces like the one which stands at the beginning of Dr. Aikin's Description of the country from thirty to forty miles round Manchester, and which the author himself has described for us. "The group of females in the frontispiece represents Agriculture, Industry, Plenty of Commerce, allegorical personages peculiarly connected with the district which forms the subject of this work. The ship in the background alludes to the port of Liverpool. The Cupids sporting above express the joy and satisfaction resulting from such an association."

But there was less time for polite fancy when Manchester made her grim growth, darkened with smoke, and ringed herself with satellite towns. Her vast built-over areas, their mounting population, faced her with problems with which, for a long time, she had no means to deal. Prosperity cast a shadow. Her local government system remained parochial: the abominable housing, undrained squalor, disease, poverty, ignorance known to prevail in this city of soaring fortunes got her a bad name. The South found her ruthless and self-regarding, progressive in her own terms only: one learned to titter at her provincialities. The city had to have enemies; she had come to stand for a new ethic, a new pressure, a new political force. Manchester men, from their villas round the black city, posted to business as men ride to hounds: a stern excitement commanded them. Nonconformists, Liberals and Free Traders—these vigorous men, England's Yankees, undermined instead of attacking landed society; power came more and more into their hands. They could not have been such a force had their standards been purely material; the world saw the rude flank of a strong natural integrity. They had neither time nor taste for the amenities—all the same, when they wanted to they could "do" art: in 1857 Manchester threw open a superlative Exhibition of Art Treasures, from all over the place. Visitors, headed by the Prince Consort, once more made in crowds for Manchester during a brilliant summer, and the general view of her had to be modified. This signalised the beginning of the city's cultural life: museums, galleries, libraries came into being (she had always had music), then culture pointed the way to the civic decencies. Attacks on slum housing were delivered, and slowly but far-reachingly took effect. The Corporation enlarged its aims with its powers. Architecture did not do well, but times were not good for that anywhere. Impressiveness (Gothic or otherwise) was the object; money became stone and smoke settled on that.

What Manchester lacks in style she makes up in character; her short, dense past is an active part of her present; there must be something about her you could cut with a knife. She gives off something that the newcomer savours eagerly and consciously (if not always with relish) and that seeps in under the consciousness of the busy inhabitant. To the number of books on Manchester already to hand, Mrs. Ryan has added her book not only *on* but *about* it, about its particular quality, or Manchesterness. She resumes the past of the city in an exceedingly clear and able preface. But her book is outstanding, because it does for a city what criticism should do for a work of art: it relates it to other experience, and also adds something to it. Soberly documented at the outset, she has made an experiment, and I think an advance, in the technique of writing about places. Daughter of C. E. Montague, granddaughter of C. P. Scott, her childhood was spent in Manchester: she has used a child's impressions to re-create the city. A child's feeling for the imposing or the mysterious, its *flair* for the curious, its dread of the sinister, its reaction to volume in form or sound are spontaneous, unliterary and true. Nothing was banal then, and one's aspirations and snobberies were at least one's own. Mrs. Ryan came of a family with a strong family character, nucleus of a society of its own, breathing what she soon found was "a highly conditioned air and by no means the native Manchester atmosphere." Outside lay Manchester, rich with that atmosphere. Her own friendships and visits had thus the delightful nature of explorations: the little girl learned a candid perspicacity.

Her portraiture is, accordingly, excellent, and there are several fascinating interiors—days spent in friends' homes. The great figure of C. P. Scott is alive in some of her pages, and there is a child's-eye, stereoscopic view of The Firs. Eccentrics, foreigners, tradespeople keep that importance that is theirs in their own right and that they have for the young. The social texture seems very truly given. There is a Hallé concert, a glimpse of Blackpool and of an industrial hill town. Manchester with its dark ring on ring of growth materialises on a tram-ride into Town from the quiet suburb. "Town" comes across well, with its height, gloom, clang and pressure, and Mrs. Ryan gives each quarter its character. Her writing throughout is quiet, accomplished, vivid; a detached affection for her subject informs it, and sympathetic fancy has been ably balanced with staid fact.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

A SECULAR SAINT

Tom Paine: Friend of Mankind. By HESKETH PEARSON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 9s.

The Age of Reason: With an Introduction by CHAPMAN COHEN. *Pioneer Press.* 4d.

In a foreword, Mr. Hesketh Pearson dismisses the standard life of Tom Paine as useful work vitiated by the desire to "enshrine its hero as a secular saint."

He then proceeds to do likewise. It is all very well to talk about hagiography; but what if your subject happens to *be* a saint?

And that is just the right name for Paine. One may dislike the class, but, whether or no, he belonged to it. Otherwise, there was not much to single him out: he was a man of his epoch. His gods were Benevolence and Reason—a strictly eighteenth-century Reason; he possessed the age's exasperating gift of good writing—in prose; also he had, of course, an acute intelligence. In each of these respects there were dozens like him. What, then, made his conclusions so much more startling than theirs, and his career so extraordinary? Why was he so enormously effective, yet such a failure? Why did he narrowly escape martyrdom in three countries, and die neglected and miserable in those United States which were largely his work, and which behaved very differently to George Washington?

The answer has already been given.

Paine's advanced ideas were not the hallmark of an original mind; his theology, for instance, is merely the vulgarest eighteenth-century deism. His originality lay in being consistent: in accepting everything that followed from his own premises, and then announcing it, and then acting on it. And he had the saint's strength in action; that is, he reserved nothing to call his own.

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He had no private life—having tried that, before he found his vocation, and made a mess of it. He had no home or country; he would take no money for his books; he served humanity gratis, and, as Cobbett is at pains to assure us, he had his reward.

> How Tom gets a living, or what brothel he inhabits, I know not Nor does it signify to anybody here or elsewhere. . . . Wherever or whenever he breathes his last, not a friendly hand will close his eyes, not a moan will be uttered, not a tear will be shed. Like Judas he will be remembered by posterity. Men will learn to express all that is base, malignant, treacherous, unnatural, and blasphemous, by one single monosyllable.

One cannot present, by way of contrast, an ideal Sage. With a great deal of experience Paine had no contact whatever, and often his "good sense" appears very shallow, or even stupid. Mr. Cohen tells us that no one has yet managed to answer his *Age of Reason*. That may well be: is it possible to "answer" a man who can sincerely say of Ecclesiastes: "Seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines would have stood in place of the whole book"? Paine had no feeling for subtleties, and what he could not feel was not rational, and what was not rational was useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. He dealt largely in half-truths; but that half was usually so true, and of such vital importance, that he had some excuse for dismissing any caviller as a fool or a villain. The reply to most of his arguments is "Yes, but——" Paine never allowed anyone to get as far as the "but."

He was positive, then, and could be superficial. And he thought a great deal of himself. Those are the only charges Mr. Pearson has found to make against him. (I really cannot count an addiction to the bottle in later life; it is something to know that he had that comfort.) On the other hand, his courage, kindness and magnanimity were such that one had better not dwell on them. They show up brightest under the Terror: while England was enthusiastically burning Tom Paines in effigy, in Paris the "wretched outcast" saved English lives—and defended Louis XVI amid the howls of the Jacobins. "Tom Paine," wrote Lord Fortescue at this period, "is just where he ought to be. . . . One would have thought it impossible that any society upon the face of the globe should have been thought fit for the reception of such a being." Meanwhile, however, his distressed countrymen were left with no other advocate. "Oh God!" exclaimed one of them, when told that his only chance was to apply to Deputy Paine, "Oh God! he must hate and detest the name of Englishmen: pelted, insulted, persecuted, plundered!" The sequel might be an invention of the heroic drama. And there were many such incidents.

But, with all his greatness of soul, Paine exacted no extraordinary virtue from other people. He easily forgave his friend Barère, who had signed Paine's death-warrant to save his own neck, and afterwards did Barère a service. Later, he was equally generous under what he probably felt almost an equal injury—the fraudulent "recantation" of his Biblical heresies. The author excused himself by saying that he had been in want, and had been paid eighty dollars: to which Paine answered: "I am glad you found the expedient a successful shift for your needy family; but write no more concerning Thomas Paine. I am satisfied with your acknowledgment—try something more worthy of a man." (In all these stories, there is a characteristic sententiousness—an old-Roman flavour.) He wrote of his own courage with—for once—noble modesty, in an address to Lord Howe during the American war.

> Some men have naturally a military turn, and can brave hardships and the risk of life with a cheerful face; others have not. . . . What can we say? We cannot alter nature. . . . However, I believe most men have more courage than they know of, and that a little at first is enough to begin with. I knew the time when I thought the whistling of a cannon ball would have frightened me almost to death; but I have since tried it, and find that I can stand it with as little discomposure and, I believe, with a much easier conscience than your lordship.

Mr. Pearson obviously admires things of this kind as much as anyone. He pulls himself together at one moment, and finds the word "paranoia" to describe a severe but hardly surprising attack of swelled head; but that is his one outburst of higher criticism. At other times, he is even inclined to magnify his hero's importance, and the depravity of such as Burke—who was not really a villain, though Paine certainly made him look a fool. One gets, throughout, an impression that he has just read up the subject, but it would scarcely be fair to complain of that; he is conscientious and readable, and has the merit of quoting Paine a good deal.

K. JOHN

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Bentham, Machiavelli, Locke, Spinoza, etc., etc., how often their high-sounding names add tone to the talk of the modern political disquisitionist! And how little he knows what exactly they each thought and taught. Let him consult Hearnshaw's *Development of Political Ideas*, now available at 1/6 in the well-known Nelson Classics series, which gives the facts quickly, cheaply and soundly—just the political reference book that many people want. Dr. Hearnshaw is Emeritus Professor of History at London University.

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This, at least, seems to be the conclusion of the Cambridge Scientists' Anti-War Group which, formed in 1932 "to function as a technical and advisory body to national and international peace movements," has just published the results of its examination of the Government's anti-air raid precautions. The Government says in effect, make one room in your house gas-proof and wear the gas mask with which we will furnish you, and, though you will not be safe, you will at least be very much safer than if you had not done these things. Noting that one million of the population do not possess a room which could be used for gas-proofing, and that seven millions would have to live under conditions officially defined as overcrowded in order to do so, five scientists have conceived themselves to belong to the remaining thirty odd million and, following the experimental method, have meticulously carried out the Government's instructions, in order to discover what happens. They closed the shutters, blocked up the window, covered its inside with oil-cloth, put blankets over the door, nailed thin strips of wood under it, stopped the keyhole, pasted newspapers over cracks, wedged "newspaper mush" in the holes, and so on. Into the room thus made "gas-proof," they arranged for a fixed quantity of carbon dioxide to be let loose. How long would it take to get out? Or, rather, how long would half of it take to get out? Answer: 2½, 3½ or 9¼ hours, according to the nature of the room. (The 9¼ hours room

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had steel-framed windows which were sealed with plasticine, painted and tiled walls, and a concrete floor covered with cork lino.) The scientists' conclusion is as follows. Let us suppose that the air outside a "gas-proof" room contains enough mustard gas to kill a man in an hour; then, if he went inside the gas-proof room he would live for about 3 hours. Completely gas-tight, as opposed to Government "gas-proof," rooms can in fact only be constructed by experts at very considerable expense.

As to gas masks, they will, it was found, protect against chlorine for several hours. Mustard gas and Lewisite, however, attack the body, entering the system through the pores of the skin. Also, they are apt to hang invisible for hours about a street which they have contaminated. What is to be done about these, is not clear. More dangerous, however, than gas are incendiary bombs. This is admitted by the Air Raids Precautions Department of the Home Office, as witness the following quotation from Commander Franks:

> The chief danger to be anticipated in the event of an air-raid is from high explosive, the next in importance from incendiary bombs, and the third and least in importance from gas.

Incendiary bombs let loose burning thermite, which is liquid. There is, apparently, no known method of extinguishing this. The Government recommends pouring on to it supplies of sand. The scientists, accordingly, put two pounds of thermite in a tin box and ignited it. It penetrated two inches of sand and burned through the bottom of the box. They put a burning charge of thermite into a bucket of water; it did not explode, but quickly burned through the bottom of the bucket. The refusal to explode was probably due to the fact that only commercial thermite was available. Of *military* thermite, however, the Home Office tells us that to throw water on it merely increases its incendiary effect. Thermite, when burning, engenders a heat of 3,000° Centigrade, which is about twice that of molten rock issuing from the crater of a volcano. Under its heat stone would split or crumble, steel or iron would buckle. The London Fire Brigade at present numbers 62 manned stations. It is estimated that any single bomber can carry 300 thermite bombs. Assume 500 bombers over London on a particular night; assume that half of them are brought down, and that half the bombs of those which are not brought down go astray, fail to burst or are otherwise ineffective; then between 30 and 40 thousand incendiary bombs would fall upon London buildings during the night. As the scientists mildly remark, "the present Fire Brigade system would not be adequate to deal with the hundreds of fires." What is more, granted a combined thermite and gas attack, it would be impossible to put into practice the precautions recommended by the Government.

The scientists' book is coldly unemotional. At least half of it is technical, containing details of experiments which mean little to the lay mind, but which are inserted in order that other scientists may judge the value and authority of the work. So far as the layman is concerned, the conclusions are clear and unavoidable. They inform him that, broadly speaking, there is no protection for him against hostile aircraft in the next war; precisely, in fact, what Mr. Baldwin informed him in 1932. With one exception the scientists refrain from comment. The exception is an expression of mild surprise that the Home Office, to whom "the facts about these proposals must surely be known," should have put them forward. The answer, which escapes the simple scientist, is to the politician obvious enough; to give a sense of security in the hope of strengthening civilian moral. Civilian moral may be described as the willingness on the part of civilians to suffer uncomplainingly and to die quietly. This willingness is much valued by Governments, since populations of high civilian moral will abstain from lynching them, or taking whatever other steps may be necessary to put an end to their intolerable sufferings in the next war, longer than populations with low civilian moral. Within a few days of the outbreak of the next war it seems reasonable to suppose that the gas and electric light systems will have broken down, that there will be no ventilation in the tube tunnels, that the drainage system will have been thrown out of gear and sewage will infect the streets, that large parts of London will be in flames, that the streets will be contaminated with gas, and that hordes of fugitives will spread outwards from the city, without petrol for their cars or food for their stomachs, pouring like locusts over the country in the hope of escaping the terror from the air. It is not a pretty picture, and contemplating it the Government, I suppose, feel that a little reassurance is needed. Not knowing what it is right to say, they yet feel that it is right to say something. The scientists have done a public service in exposing this "something."

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LUCIE DUFF GORDON

Lucie Duff Gordon. By GORDON WATERFIELD. *Murray.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The heroine of Mr. Gordon Waterfield's book—Lucie Duff Gordon, daughter of Sarah Austin, friend of Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson and Meredith—was one of those refreshingly untypical Victorians who make us wonder if the Victorian Age, as it is usually pictured, is not a figment of the Georgian imagination. For she was all that the Victorian woman is supposed not to have been. Though exemplary in her own conduct, she was exceedingly broad-minded in her attitude towards the behaviour of others; and, not only did she profess advanced opinions, she never hesitated to put them into practice. Yet there is no indication in this narrative that her unconventionality was rewarded with any form of social inconvenience or that she felt particularly ill at ease in her contemporary setting. She was neither complacent nor did she fall a victim to that hideous highbrow malady which induces a state of refined but ineffectual exasperation till peevishness becomes tantamount to godliness. She was of more strenuous build than her modern counterparts. Not for nothing, as a little girl, had she played among the flower-beds of Jeremy Bentham's garden and watched the father of Utilitarian philosophy, then eighty years old, go ambling past in loose grey jacket, queer straw hat and wrinkled woollen stockings, on what he called his "ante-prandial circum-gyrations" and "post-prandial perambulations," or enjoyed the affectionate patronage of Sydney Smith. And, when the Austin family were preparing to leave London for Boulogne—they were, at that time, too poor to remain in England—she received from the brilliant and versatile clergyman a letter which seems to deserve extensive quotation:

> Lucie, Lucie, my dear child (wrote Sydney Smith) don't tear your frocks: tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius. But write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts: be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest, and then integrity or laceration of frocks is of little import. And Lucie, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know in the first sum of yours I ever saw there was a mistake.

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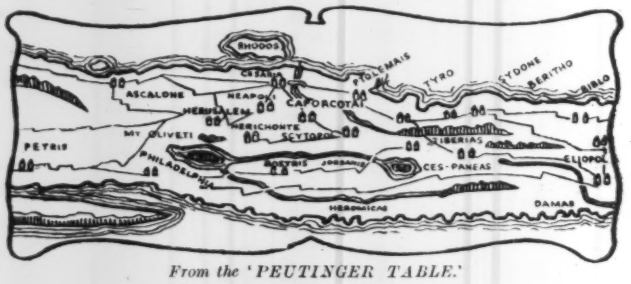
You carried two (as a cab is licensed to do), and you ought, dear Lucie, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic but a scene of horrors? You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who have never understood arithmetic. By the time you return, I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you. Therefore I now give you my parting advice—don't marry anyone who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year. And God bless you, dear child.

Just as Sydney Smith, and his friend Lord Holland, carried on into the Victorian age something of the atmosphere of an earlier and better educated period, so Lucie Duff Gordon was to hold up amid the shadows of mid-Victorianism a certain standard of urbanity and calm good sense. Her mother had been an exceptionally clever woman. Mr. Waterfield devotes ten absorbing chapters to Lucie's pre-natal antecedents and early life; and from these chapters emerge the portraits of John Austin, her father, a talented, conscientious, but hypochondriacal and profoundly unhappy professor of jurisprudence—" his main troubles were self-pity and indigestion "—and Sarah Austin, who laboured endlessly at translations, journalism and all kinds of invidious literary hackwork, to save her family from complete financial shipwreck. But Sarah Austin's private life had one startling episode. After several years of marriage, she entered into a sentimental correspondence with the redoubtable Prince Puckler Muskau, adventurer and amorist (whose impressions of the English scene still make extraordinarily good reading); and from their correspondence developed a platonic yet passionate love affair which expressed itself in a long series of perfervid letters. They were very much in love while they had never met; and Sarah Austin's ecstasies and protestation are all more remarkable since she had not the smallest intention of leaving John Austin, and Puckler Muskau was comfortably ensconced in a middle-European castle where he lived with a motherly ex-wife.

But, if Sarah Austin was a naturally passionate woman whose passions were drilled into strict obedience by an uncommonly systematic will, her daughter would seem to have united generous sympathies and quick affections with a measure of natural coolness that prevented her breaking out into any flagrant indiscretions. She married sensibly: she bore children: she minded their upbringing. But Mr. Waterfield's account of her married life with Alexander Duff Gordon is one of the least detailed and least interesting sections of a vivid and interesting book. We feel that she must always have preferred friends to lovers. Her friends, nevertheless, were members of an exceedingly gifted and entertaining group; and, while Tennyson admitted that Lucie was the " original " of *The Princess*, Meredith declared that she " was of the order of women of whom a man . . . may say that their like is to be met with but once or twice in a lifetime," and that " wherever she appeared she could be likened to Selene breaking through cloud." She possessed Grecian features, but a masculine and determined cast of physiognomy, heightened by her fondness for big cigars, which she smoked even when galloping across the English countryside.

Unfortunately, Lucie was also consumptive; and the latter sections of Mr. Waterfield's narrative are very largely composed of extracts from her two delightful travel-books, *Letters from Egypt* and *Letters from the Cape*, written when she was travelling abroad in a search for health. Here she tells her own story, and tells it with a clarity and completeness that any biographer might despair of imitating. The descriptions of life in Egypt are especially good; and Mr. Waterfield has restored to their appropriate context various passages—notably the passage where she tells her husband how she has taken steps to remove their son's adolescent inhibitions by sending him off to interview a local dancing girl—which were not allowed to appear in the Victorian edition. Her letters reflect the generosity of Lucie's interests. She was the champion of the oppressed Egyptian peasantry against their brutal native rulers, and the champion of Mahomedan against boorish Christian. Herself, she was a believer only in the most extended and deistical eighteenth-century mode. The impression that this book leaves behind is one of intelligence, sympathy, good feeling, coupled with a touch of *amour propre* that never degenerated into self-esteem. Mr. Waterfield's style is simple and, at moments, prosy, but his book will appeal to every student of Victorian character.

P. Q.



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SOMETHING OF KIPLING

Something of Myself. By RUDYARD KIPLING. *Macmillan. 7s. 6d.*

The voice is a little subdued and uncertain, in comparison with its prime, and sometimes there is a note of rather angry defiance, as from a man who knows he is talking to people of dubious sympathies. But it is an unmistakable voice; and its last words are well worth reading, by any who have felt for Kipling either affection or hatred, or the perplexing blend of both.

Something of Myself is termed on its title-page an autobiography; but this is to apply a formal definition to a very informal book. It is not stated at what time or times these two hundred and twenty pages were written, nor how far Kipling intended to carry them forward—if indeed he had any intention of amplifying or continuing them into a complete self-portrait with background. It may be guessed, if only from a mention of his own (anticipated) death in the last sentence of the last chapter, that he designed a book which should be his *mémoires d'outre-tombe*. But it is nevertheless disappointing that he did not, or could not, compose a book which would make his middle and later years as clear as those of his difficult childhood and his astounding early manhood. The first six chapters take the reader up to the time of the Boer War. The remaining two deal almost entirely with the house, " Bateman's," which he acquired soon after the South African War, and with a general account of his mode of work and " working tools." Thirty years and more remain uncovered except by passing allusion; and as Kipling during those years was never really the spent force which purely literary judgments supposed him to be, it is a pity that his commentary on himself and his times remains, as presumably it must always remain, so fragmentary.

Doubly a pity, because in Kipling the texture of experience and memory and expression was extraordinarily closely and strongly woven. An obscure moral booklet read when he was seven or eight gave him, ultimately, *Rewards and Fairies*, and the still earlier walks in and about Bombay planted whole thickets of fruitful plants in his mind. Sooner than most men endowed thus with a peculiar faculty, he became aware of its possibilities, and instinctively trained himself in the craft of looking and listening, and fitting together what he saw and heard. It was the technique of *reportage*, and the one in which he excelled: a short-

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range art—and in long-range work Kipling never excelled. But what a training he had during the years of his journalism in the old India!

> . . . nights in the wet with wretched heads of repair gangs; village festivals and consequent outbreaks of cholera or small-pox; communal riots under the shadow of the Mosque of Wazir Khan, where the patient waiting troops lay in timber-yards or side-alleys till the order came to go in and hit the crowds on the feet with the gun-butt (killing in Civil Administration was then reckoned confession of failure), and the growling, flaring, creed-drunk city would be brought to hand without effusion of blood, or the appearance of any agitated Viceroy . . . a walk into the Khyber, where I was shot at, but without malice, by a rapparee who disapproved of his ruler's foreign policy; murder and divorce trials, and an inquiry into the percentage of lepers among the butchers who supplied beef and mutton to the European community of Lahore. . . . It was Squeers's method of instruction, but how could I fail to be equipped with more than all I might need? I was saturated with it. . . .

The trouble was, perhaps, the Squeersian quality: all this intoxication of mixed and various spectacles went to his head, and never quite cleared off; and his thinking became far too simple to be clear or trustworthy. It was to the solar plexus, the "dark ganglia," that Kipling (like a prophet of twenty-five or thirty years later) really appealed.

HAMISH MILES

THE WHALERS

The Whalers. By DR. FELIX MAYNARD and ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Translated by F. W. REED. Introduction and Notes by JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Dumas' collaboration is a guarantee of readability. How much this narrative, published originally in *Le Mousquetaire*, the most famous of Dumas' journals, derives from his pen remains doubtful; but *The Whalers* is a genuine product of Dumas et Cie. Dr. Felix Maynard called on Dumas in 1854, bearing with him a manuscript written on papers of all colours and describing his adventures of the previous seven years. Dumas promised to publish.

> We wrote out together five or six volumes which I sent to my friend, Emile de Girardin. This latter announced them next day in *La Presse*. . . . Such was the employment of my three weeks' silence. I produced something like 4,500 lines with Dr. Maynard.

Delightful productivity! Arnold Bennett's 1,000,000 words a year, or whatever it was, seem pale by comparison. For *The Whalers* is first-rate journalism which hardly loses by being reprinted to-day. The descriptions of whaling are both exact and picturesque; every detail, from the first sight of the monster spouting in the distance to the thrust of the harpoon and the long chase, is vividly impressed. The moment of greatest danger, apparently, occurs when the whale begins to "flurry" (the sailor's term), to lash with its tail in a last effort to strike at its captors. The boat must draw alongside, until it is almost underneath the upraised tail, and with one cut of the *louchet*—a spade with razor edge—the tendons of the tail must be cut; then the whale is helpless. Dumas—in this instance the writer is almost certainly Dumas—apostrophises the hunter of wild boars, lions and tigers: "There is no scene amid all your hunting exploits so dramatic as this!" We believe it. An atmosphere of drama surrounds every phase of the whale hunt, partly from the mere size of the animal, which with a tongue as large as a full-grown elephant and the traction power of an express engine, can yet be described as "dancing" on the horizon. With the curious fantasy of gigantism, the hunt becomes at times in these pages as delicate as a ballet, the poise of the harpoon as formally precise as the killing stroke of the matador. But the stab is followed by tremendous action.

> Instantly the boat disappeared, enveloped by the spray flung up from the sea as the animal shook its wounded self, while from the centre of this cloud rose the hurrahs of our men. It was a well-struck blow, because already, far from the dissipating spray, I saw the boat disappear, dragged in the wake of the furious animal. The line, having been half-unwound, was twisted round a bitt in the stern, where a man, knife in hand, bent over it, ready if necessary to sever it. The skiff soon reached the horizon, its oars in the air, and its men seated with folded arms; this frenzied course, surpassing that of a locomotive at full speed, greatly delighted them, and they called it the *promenade in a wagonette*.

The book contains adventures outside whaling, some heroic, some comic. There is a horrifying description of cannibalism in New Zealand, and a hardly less horrifying scene in which British settlers enjoy the execution of five convicts. *The Whalers*, in fact, gives a most interesting picture of trading life, chiefly in New Zealand and the Antipodes. One learns such odd facts as that the women of Oeteta at one time wore dried seahorses as ear pendants; that Gavarni's pictures (on account of the fashions) were more valuable for trading than any other objects; that cannibalism includes a ritual of transubstantiation by which the less fortunate diners who have to be content with pork enjoy the sensation of eating human flesh. The book has been capably translated and well annotated. All it needs is a map.

G. W. S.

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(*John o' London's*)

HARRAP

SHORTER NOTICES

New Zealand From Within. By DONALD COWIE. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a description of New Zealand, the land, its people, its culture its economics, its politics, its personalities, its industries, by a clear-sighted, critical, but not unfriendly visitor, who tiring of office life and of the old country generally, emigrated to New Zealand and spent eight years there. It is perhaps as good a study of a Dominion as any that has been given us, for Mr. Cowie waves no flags, uses no rose-tinted glasses, and is sparing of euphemisms. Here, indeed, is New Zealand in the raw, and very raw much of it still is. On the other hand it is not a mere debunking survey. The faults are not glossed, but the qualities that go with them are emphasised. Yet it is made clear to us that the land is no home from home to those who think of England in terms of its memories and traditions, and there is nothing better in the book than its closing story of the old lady who all her life had been wanting to go "home," to see Hampton Court and its gardens, to visit the Lake District guided by Wordsworth and so on. Mr. Cowie has some sharp notes on the existing State Socialism, but as he discusses it in terms of capitalist economics, his description of its present is better than his prognosis of its future.

George Coates: His Art and His Life. By DORA MEESON COATES. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mrs. Coates tells the story of her distinguished husband, whom she first met when they were fellow art students in Australia and twice defeated in competitions, before they met again in England and were engaged and married. As Coates's youth had been a hard struggle, so too was his early married life, and the story of their fight for recognition and against the poverty that hampered them, of the friends they made, and the eventual success, which presently the war years checked, and

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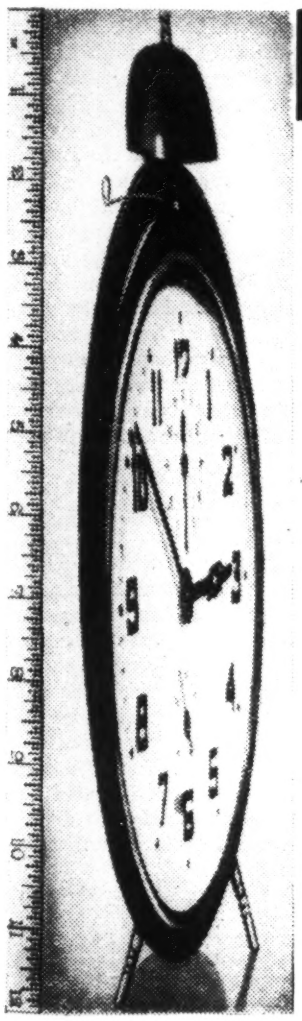

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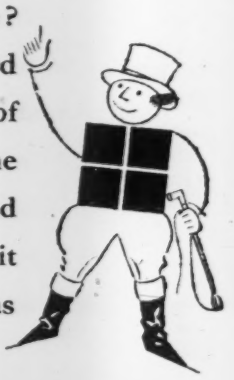

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Basil Butler

of the last and most fruitful decade of Coates's busy life, is one that all who are fighting their way against neglect will find as stimulating as a tonic. An academic painter of quality, George Coates's work has been secured by many of the public galleries in Australia and in this country, and much of it is reproduced in the coloured and black-and-white plates which illustrate this biography.

We Write As Women. By MARGARET LAWRENCE. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Lawrence, who is a Canadian newspaperwoman and lecturer, is interested in feminism in its historical aspects, and in this intensive study of women novelists from Jane Austen to Virginia Woolf, she seeks to discover in each, as revealed in their novels, the writer's attitude to life as it is complicated by sex and the social and economic taboos against which the feminists have fought. Miss Lawrence is at her best when she deals with Mary Wollstonecraft, Jane Austen, and the Brontës, and her imaginary death-bed scene, with Mary, Charlotte, and Emily explaining things to the dying Jane, is both shrewd and witty. But did Miss Austen giggle? It may be that in the course of her survey Miss Lawrence strives to prove too much, but on the whole she keeps her thesis—that in the woman's novel feminism is always present consciously or sub-consciously—firmly rooted in fact; and her summaries and analyses of the novels she takes as illustrations are most attractively set out. On the other hand, when she diverges from her main subject and reviews the thought of women historically she assumes a sense of injustice that did not exist until there came into being a well-to-do middle class the women of which were for the most part idle and, dissatisfied with idleness, turned their minds towards professions and occupations for which they felt themselves as fitted as were their men folk.

Creative Morality. By LOUIS ARNAUD REID, D.Litt. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The aim of the author, in this scholarly book of ethical theory, is not to present any specific view of the good life, nor any system of values as such, nor directly to attack any of the social-moral problems of our age, and for this reason *Creative Morality* is an enunciation of what are called the expressive aspects of all morality, rather than of any set of values in particular. The author takes most of the familiar ethical categories—duty, right, good, value, love, etc.—and views them from an intuitive and synthetal, rather than a coldly analytical angle. In ethical judgments we should not rigidly separate the formal, conceptual aspects of behaviour from the subjective and intentional aspects. Morality is graded into levels of moral living, the lower being purely secular and of a partial nature (though the author admits the "sacredness" of many secular values and duties), the higher being those levels dominated by the deepest intuitions of Divine Love, which is conceived as raising the "secular sacred" life from "a little hollow where spring comes now and may go into never-ending winter a moment hence," to a new level of transcendental worth. The book is difficult and overburdened with problems of the definition of moral categories. The absence of a direct presentation of any "total assertion" or basic ethical scheme of values in the first two-thirds of the book (i.e. until we get to Agape, Divine Love), renders most of the argument dry, non-specific and wearisome. For academic students of pure ethical theory, however, the book will be of considerable value as an eclectic handling of the works of many other ethical and Christian thinkers.

About Motoring

WIRELESS ON MOTOR CARS

CERTAIN firms in the radio industry have resolved that the motorist shall have music wherever he goes. They have standardised compact and powerful wireless receivers, easily mounted on the cars for which they are designed without either inconveniencing the occupants physically, or spoiling the appearance of a handsome vehicle. Tolerably efficient aerials of an unobtrusive character pick up the B.B.C. programmes; the existing electrical equipment of the car furnishes the nominal power required to drive the set; and a few ingenious devices for suppressing electrical interference prevent the electrical components of the car from interfering with the purity of the broadcast programmes. The strength of reception naturally varies not only with the distance from the transmitting station which the driver happens to have tuned in, but also with such natural obstacles as may mask that station electrically as the car winds at speed over tortuous roads. Nevertheless, irrespective of locality, a wireless-equipped motor car can produce both speech and music very adequately on the tiny loud speaker in a roof-corner of its rear compartment both by night and by day.

Few innovations have provoked more diverse opinions than car radio. Obviously, no possible objection can be urged against its use when the car is stationary. The traveller who is temporarily exiled from evening papers and a domestic radio set treasures the ability to pick up sporting news, and to keep in touch with the political kaleidoscope. The chauffeur, condemned to sit inactive in an idle car, awaiting his employer's convenience, and devoid of literary interests, relishes the power to summon music or speech for his beguilement. But a really fierce controversy rages in more than one country about the wisdom of permitting a driver to listen whilst his car is in motion, and the most divergent opinions are stoutly held. The scaremongers aver that many drivers will be distracted by the radio from their primary task of navigating the car in safety. It has been suggested in this country that the use of radio on a moving car should be listed as an offence, and it is rumoured that in one or two American States such prohibitions have actually passed into law. On the other side, men like long distance commercial travellers, who spend their waking lives so largely at the wheel, contend that the hypnotic effect of incessant driving tends to send them into a sort of stupor; there is a constant risk that the tape of the road will pass across their vision like a hazy dream, and that sooner or later they will commit some perilous driving blunder. From this dreadful risk the radio protects them. Any quite trivial stimulus will keep their intelligence alive—it may be the dulcet thumpings of a jazz band, or the ingenuity of some speaker who reduces his coal bill to negligible proportions by burning fir cones. This school of thought urges that such accidents as are due to the slumbrous effects of continuous long-distance driving can be eliminated by the adoption of car radio; it holds that every lorry and coach should be compelled by law to fit loud speakers.

At first sight it seems difficult to reach an impartial verdict between two parties who hold such diametrically opposed views with such honest passion. But consideration suggests that the solution depends on individual psychology. We human beings differ enormously in our powers of concentration. T. E. Brown, the Manx poet, by one of the caprices of destiny, was a house master at a public school. He was a bachelor, entrusting the catering to a succession of housekeepers, some of whom were not too efficient. The poet would take a book into luncheon with him, and consume, with every appearance of relish, meat which was only fit for the dustbin. Himself oblivious alike of the taste and smell of the meat, he would not notice that every single boy in the house left his plate untouched, but having scoured his own plate, the poet would rise, render thanks to the Most High, and trot off to the next engagement. Had T. E. Brown been alive to-day, and been an owner-driver (a gross improbability), he should certainly never have been allowed to fit radio to his car; on the first occasion when some competent person discoursed on literature, T. E. Brown would have been indicted for manslaughter; for he would certainly have lost himself in the discourse, and collided with a tram. The percentage of the population stigmatised by their acquaintance as "absent-minded" (that is to say, capable of furious concentration) is unquestionably small; but this percentage will most undoubtedly add to the perils of the roads if they are allowed to use radio on their cars. To such persons the programmes offer both a negative and a positive danger. Once or twice in a week T. E. Brown would have picked up a programme which thrilled him; but then perhaps twenty times in a week he would have switched on to hear something which roused him to passionate fury. And in either event he would have steered at random until his mind had completed the full course of its intense reactions.

Nevertheless, as we have said, such extreme concentration is a rare faculty; and against its limited existence we must oppose the mentality of—say—the commercial traveller, who honestly confesses that when he has to drive six or eight hours a day over familiar roads, sheer boredom is apt to create a trance-like attitude of mind. In such trances he may literally go to sleep; it may sound incredible, but quite a number of men have fallen asleep on the saddles of motor bicycles, and professional motor-cyclists exchange tips for averting such a colossal disaster. Short of falling asleep, many long-distance drivers know what it means to slide into some form of day-dreaming, from which they may be awakened by the frenzied squawk of a klaxon as they head straight for some approaching vehicle. It is not so much probable as certain that a radio set aboard the car confers insurance against such disasters. What is one man's meat in such matters is therefore another man's poison.

So, pending the collation of full data, there is certainly no very strong case for the prohibition of radio on moving vehicles. It is rather probable that people with a tendency to absent-mindedness should adopt a self-denying ordinance, and eschew driving altogether or at least refrain from any lengthy spells at the wheel.

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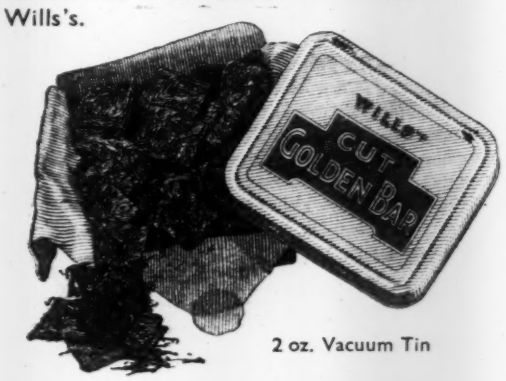

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Such persons probably make magnificent drivers over short distances, since they are capable of intense concentration; but they are always at the mercy of their own qualities, since if any interesting notion tips their mind over into concentration on some extraneous subject, they may continue to drive when the mind is far away. For them the radio merely serves to intensify and exaggerate a peril which will always be present; but they should be sufficiently intelligent to identify their weakness, and either to give up driving, or to limit their driving to short spells. On the other hand, the driver who is incapable of fierce concentration will probably be neither more nor less dangerous to the public if he switches on a loud speaker in his car.

At the moment the popularity of these radio sets is limited by their cost. For most of us the purchase of a car is a sufficient financial problem, and the addition of fifteen guineas or so to its price is a deterrent. But the matter may soon become rather urgent, as the radio manufacturers are beginning to mass-produce these sets, and their price may drop considerably in the near future.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 362

Set by Hamish Miles

An eavesdropping visitor to *either* the National Gallery, *or* the British Museum, finds that the conducted party beside him is being taken round by a "cinema magazine" commentator. The usual prizes (two guineas and half a guinea) are offered for the most excruciating sample of his commentary (not over 300 words)

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, February 26th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of the last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 360

Set by Norman Collins

Dr. Julian Huxley's "Animal of the Week" idea spreads from Regent's Park to Westminster. The usual prizes are offered for brief zoological descriptions (not more than 150 words apiece), designed for the popular enlightenment of visitors, of any three of the following notable exhibits: The Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Anthony Eden, Sir John Simon, Mr. Duff Cooper, Lady Astor, The Speaker, Mr. Maxton, Mr. Hore-Belisha and the Lesser Common Back Bencher.

Report by Norman Collins

I am bound to say that the entrants in this competition were for the most part a pretty scurrilous lot! Names long familiar in these columns for the gentleness and felicity of their wit emerged in a harsher and more sinister connection; and the lampoon, the insult (both veiled and un-), the innuendo and even raw abuse all came into their own. To judge by the labels—which included the Hog, the Boar, the Pig, the Wolf, the Fox, the Jackal and the Shark—the exhibits in this singular menagerie were mainly porcine or predatory. Prizes, moreover, would (by permission of the Editor) have been distributed right and left had the criticism been as good-natured as it was good. But remembering the distressing fate of that outspoken poet who once wrote that—

> "The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our Dog
> Ruleth all England under the Hog,"

I suppressed several contributions which were calculated to worry, wound or otherwise grievously discommode this one or that of His Majesty's ministers. Nevertheless, I have preserved for future students of the period "Towanbucket's" vivid little monograph on the ex-Premier:

"THE JRAMMAC (or Greater Turncoat):

"One of the Zoo's oldest inhabitants, this melancholy pale pink bird, with the hairy beak and dull plumage, was, when added to the collection in 1906, bright red in colour and rather noisily quarrelsome and dissatisfied. The red feathers and the whole of the left wing disappeared during a recent moulting, and with them went most of the bird's wild temperament. The Jrammac is now only occasionally peevish, and accepts meekly whatever food is left in the cabinet. Curiously shy of his own kind, he appears to prefer the society of the Golden Oof-bird. He flies in wide, rhetorical circles, always returning to the same spot, a habit due, perhaps, to the loss of his left wing. His favourite food is flapdoodle, which he regurgitates. Has a monotonous and easily distinguishable cry: 'uppa-nuppa-nuppa-nonna-nonna-nonn.' Note the strong northern accent."

The Prime Minister, variously designated as *Baldwinus labiclausus*, *Onestan nicotinus* and *Labia sigilla*, is also the subject of valuable notes. We learn from W. Durell of its curious trick of "threatening not to retire when roused," and M. R. Davies' interesting remarks that "generally believed on account of its habits to be of the genus *vulpes* (or fox), the point is nevertheless hotly disputed; some zoologists claiming that the animal is a descendant of the lion (Felis Britannicus) who fought the Unicorn (species extinct) for the honour of the Crown."

Of the War Minister, B. H. H. writes:

"*Duffcooperis sirenicus*. Allied to the genus *Plocidae*, or weaver-birds, this particular species can be identified by a characteristic habit. It constructs an elaborate web into which it endeavours to entice its prey by means of its sweet-sounding, though slightly monotonous, song. (The phrases 'The Army's *fine*,' or 'Join up *now*,' which have been used to describe the rhythm of the notes, appear to fit aptly enough.) A favourite building place is the outside of a recruiting-office or police-station, where examples of the bird's curious dexterity can always be found."

Other expert notes are those of Basil Schon who, on the subject of Lady Astor, writes of the family Astoridae, that "they are natives of America where they inhabit sparsely watered deserts," and "Craddock" observes that "this singular creature, of which only the female is known, lives entirely without drinking"; and "Ludo" remarks of Mr. Hore-Belisha that "decorating its cage with globes, studs and coloured lights, it wears a perpetual expression of looking around for something better."

After consultation with the National Government Whips, prizes were awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE

THE PRIME MINISTER (*Vulpiporcus fidissimus*).

More crafty than the domestic pig, the Vulpiporcus has been known to remain dormant for months, waiting for its enemy to go away. These tactics are often successful. Observe the tightly closed snout. The teeth are purely for defence, and even then are hardly ever used. Thrives in captivity, but will shortly be removed to the country. Its offspring is much less tame and could not live happily in captivity. (Visitors are particularly requested not to disturb the Vulpiporcus, which is suffering from fatigue.)

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (*Hamactor verbivomens*).

This large, rather awkward member of the parrot family is a native of Scotland. Its plumage, once a fine red, has deteriorated in the past twenty years to a dull, droopy blue. Perhaps the southern climate and the luxuries of captivity have been too much for the bird, or this is an example of *protective mimicry*; probably both. A great talker, though lately a little subdued. Its hoarse, triumphant call—something like "Upandupandup! Onandonandon!"—has not been heard at all recently. Its male offspring is also in captivity.

MR. HORE-BELISHA (*Bubo belisharea*).

The Belisha bird has taken so well to its present surroundings that we have let it remain longer than is usual in these quarters. Its movements have the appearance of great energy. If teased it will probably broadcast loudly in self-defence. The eggs (large, round and orange-coloured) are laid on the tops of striped poles. (Photography permitted.)

A. K. MILNE

SECOND PRIZE

THE PARLIAMENTARY MAMMALS' HOUSE

Cage No. 1.—PRIME MINISTER (Male—"Stanny").

This animal is very nearly human, and is able to perform many of the gestures and actions of men such as exploring avenues and smelling rats. It is distinguished from them, however, by the absence of the customary oral orifice, due to the curious conjuncture, or sealing, of the lips. Note also the skull, which is numb.

The animal is often pursued by Lobby-hounds; the latter hunt in packs, uttering a fierce bay which, when heard, reduces their prospective victim to a state of nervous prostration known as "appalling frankness."

Visitors are reminded that the animal's question-time is from three to four, and they are asked not to question the animal themselves.

Habitat: in its wild state the animal lives under unturned stones.

Cage No. 2.—WAR MINISTER (Male—"Alfy").

This animal has been saved from complete and utter extinction by a miracle.

It lives on young recruits, though in seasons when these are scarce it has been known to attack larger animals, including bishops. It is also attributed with a fondness for the tender green shoots known as conscripts. Observe the head, entirely of bone.

Cage No. 3.—LESSER COMMON BACK-BENCHER (Male and Female).

Back-Benchers are divided into two groups by the difference in their distinctive cries. That of the larger group is referred to as a Ministerial cry, and is best represented by the sound, "Oh!"; the Opposition

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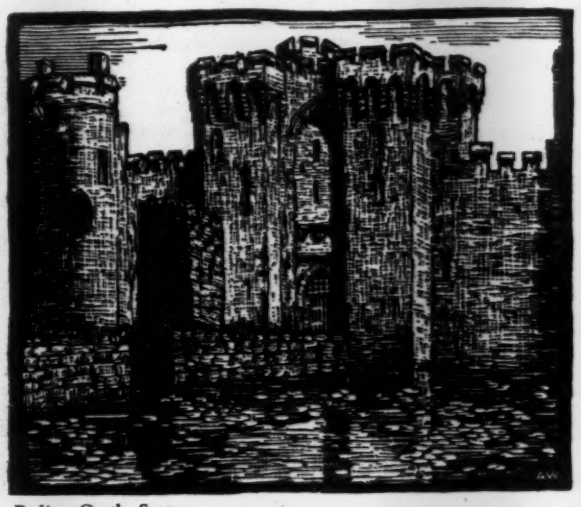

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Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

or smaller, group of this species when provoked with sticks or umbrellas, will emit a surly grunt or snort resembling the word "Resign!"

The animal is preyed on by a number of parasites known as Constituents. It tolerates these pests as at recurrent crises in its life, known as Elections, these insignificant organisms can be of the greatest use. They form a hard outer shell, known as the animal's Majority. The period of sloughing takes place once every five years, and after this outer shell has been renewed the animal settles down again into its customary torpor.

Habitat: any dark or dusty corner on the upper slopes.

ION BRABY

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 216.—THE VEGETARIAN LEAGUE

(Being the last of my Christmas vacation exercises)

In the fifth and last round of the Vegetarian League (Association Football) the Turnips and Sprouts drew 1—1. The League matches had been played on five successive Saturdays.

The following was the final League table.

Position.	Team.	W.	D.	L.	Goals. F.	Goals. A.	Pts.
1	Onions ..	2	3	0	2	0	7
2	Carrots ..	2	2	1	5	2	6
3	Turnips ..	2	2	1	4	4	6
4	Sprouts ..	0	4	1	1	2	4
5	Parsnips ..	1	2	2	1	3	4
6	Broccoli ..	1	1	3	2	4	3

In each of the second, third and fourth rounds the Carrots improved upon their performance of the previous Saturday.

A curious feature of the five rounds was that the same number of goals was scored in each. Yet each round produced a distinctive selection of results.

Give in detail the results of each round.

PROBLEM 214.—RECITATIONS

This problem (as explained last week) was conceived in haste, and I am now repenting it at leisure. It would have been a good problem with yet another condition; as it is there are still several "cooks." I overlooked the fact that 3*s.* per night, as well as 7*s.* per night, can be won or lost in terms of six different distributions.

There are 17 distributions altogether. Here is one solution, based on the selection of the six which involve a 3*s.* payment:

Schedule of Wins.						Gain or Loss in Shillings. A	T	P	M
1	A	A	T	A	A	+17	− 3	− 7	−7
2	A	A	T	P	P	+ 5	− 3	+ 5	− 7
3	A	A	A	T	T	+15	+ 3	− 9	− 9
4	A	T	A	T	A	+ 7	+ 3	− 5	− 5
5	A	T	M	T	A	+ 3	+ 3	− 5	− 1
6	A	T	P	T	M	− 1	+ 3	− 1	− 1
				Total ..		+46	+ 6	−22	−30

Any solution will be accepted which is similarly in conformity with the data.

PROBLEM 213.—HIGH TEA

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: J. M. Rhoades, 18, Greville Road, N.W.6. *Seven* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

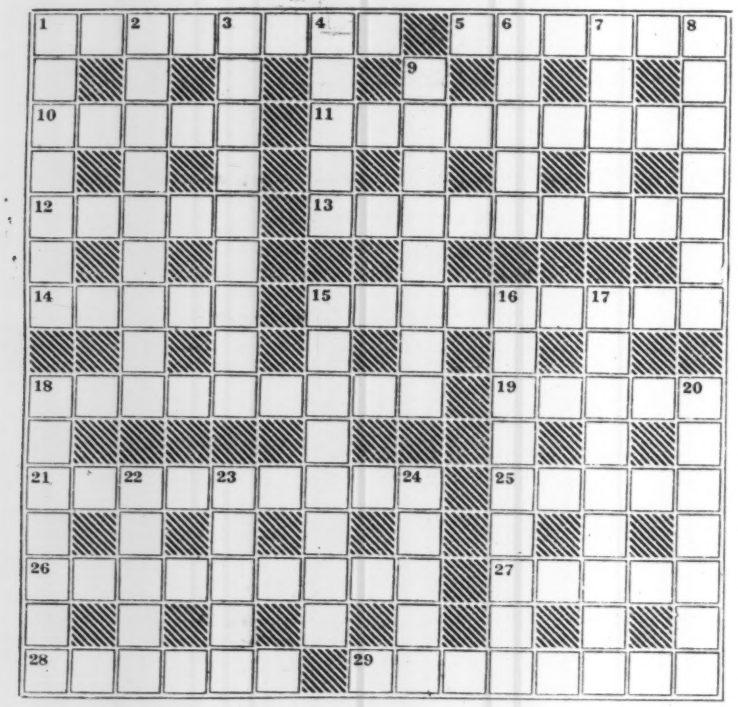
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 363

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

A. Eite, 116 Tetley Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.

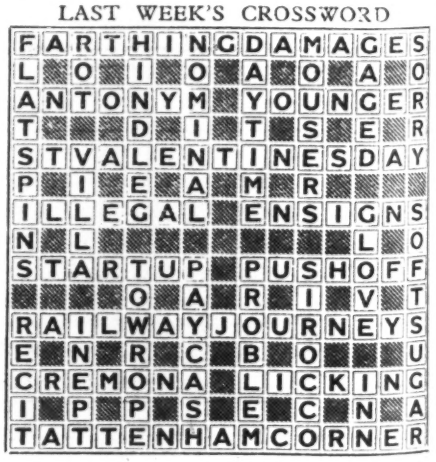
ACROSS.

1. Lawn tennis stroke one's partner sees at bridge.
5. Single ones are used in the fence.
10. They have a crooked caretaker.
11. Draw-table of an English King.
12. Shout of the climber who beholds the summit?
13. Where food is provided for those on the hop.
14. The fold of a petal.
15. Felonious measurement of the bad old days.
18. Suggests a job for a "piece" hand.
19. A thinner piece is seen in nervous patients.
21. Native intelligence, not only of matrons.
25. A man for inexpensive books.
26. Paramount position of coronets on ceremonial occasions.
27. Portion of food for llama, ibex, pelican or cow.
28. The lines for the make up.
29. A Michaelmas daisy in Ely.

DOWN.

1. Where the road transport lets us down.
2. How a bird would ask for an inexpensive sitting?
3. Not the children's version of the Highland Fling.
4. No Robert, as the Scotsman might say to the Oriental potentate.
6. That is to say, pull it by the rope.
7. One of the spies Moses sent to Canaan.
8. Describes the position where the sides are unequally joined.
9. A calendar of course is exactly such a publication.
15. He would hardly be quick enough to avoid the early bird.
16. Leisure for a blade, between meals no doubt.
17. He sounds like a stay-at-home publicly speaking.
18. The importance of such people may be said to be self evident.
20. Sort of ally who has monarchist characteristics.
22. When tired, wears itself out on the road.
23. The Lady of the Lake.
24. Opera from Ascot.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Jane Eyre. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.
CAMBRIDGE. Charles the King. Tu., Th., S.
COLISEUM. Cinderella. Daily, 2.
COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F.
DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.
DUCHESS. Ballet Rambert. Thurs., Sat.
GARRICK. The Two Bouquets. Tu., Fri., Sat.
GLOBE. "Candida." Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME. 'Big Business.' Th. & Sat.
HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.
PALACE. On Your Toes. Wed. & Sat.
PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. Suspect. Tues., Fri.
SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.
SHAFTESBURY. "Heart's Content." W., S.
WESTMINSTER. Uncle Vanya. Wed., Sat.
WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

BALLET

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. 3/- to 12/6 (Unres. 1/6.)
NIGHTLY, 8.40. MATS., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
BALLET RAMBERT.
20 Ballets. 2 New Works. Chamber Orchestra.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
8.30 (Ex. Mons.) Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
JANE EYRE.
CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

CAMBRIDGE. Temple Bar 6056.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., TUES., THURS., SATS., 2.30.
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COLISEUM, Tem. 3161. Daily 2 and 7.30.
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COMEDY. 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
ANMER HALL presents
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON."
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DRURY LANE. 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

GARRICK. OVER 200 PERFS. (Tem. 4601.)
8.30 (Ex. Mons.) Mats., Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.
THE TWO BOUQUETS.
"LOVELIEST PLAY IN LONDON."—*S. Dispatch.*

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVENINGS, 8.30.
Mats., WED. and SAT., 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S
"CANDIDA."

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. EVENINGS, 8.15.
1st Mat., Feb. 25 at 2.30. BOBBY HOWES in
"BIG BUSINESS."
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606). EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA.
A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

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ON YOUR TOES.
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Evgs., 8.30. (Ex. Mon.) Mats., Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.
SUSPECT.
By Rex Judd.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., SATS., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wed. & Sats., at 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
"HEART'S CONTENT."

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 6/-, 3/6, 2/6 (Bookable).
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by CHEKHOV.

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Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Smoking).
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A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

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"ERNTE." (Harvest).
"DIE JULIKA" (U).

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Skit on success of Co-operation *v.* "Big Business."
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SATURDAY, FEB. 27th, at 6.0 & 8.30 p.m.
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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—To-night and until Feb. 27th, at 8.0. Mats. Sats., 20th and 27th, at 2.30. FAIRBAIRN PAGEANT CHOIR of over 1,000 Singers and Dancers. FULL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, and Ballet by Ginner-Mawer Dancers. Reserved 10s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. Boxes £4, £3 4s., £2, Gallery (unreserved) 2s. 6d. & 2s. Special terms for parties. Box Office, Albert Hall (Ken. 3661), and Usual Agents.

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Evenings, 8. Sat. 5 & 8.15.
Week End at Stormes. By Henry Smalley.

HULL Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5
The Lady of La Paz. By Edith Ellis.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Tonight at 7.45. By Noel Coward.
"STILL LIFE." "WAYS AND MEANS."
"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

MANCHESTER Repertory
Evgs., 7.30.
The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles. By Bernard Shaw.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.*

ART EXHIBITIONS, Etc.

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square. 10–6.
(1) "CHELSEA DRAUGHTSMEN"—1st Exhibition.
(2) Paintings by JOAN JAMESON.
(3) Drawings and Paintings by KARIN LEYDEN

SPANISH EXHIBITION, 36 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. February 20th–March 20th. 11 a.m.–9 p.m. Admission 6d., after 6 p.m. 3d.

DANCE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH, at Suffolk Galleries, Pall Mall.
INTERNATIONAL NIGHT
Grand Dance and Cabaret Display of National Dances and Songs by Indian, Chinese, German, Spanish and African Professional Artistes. Speciality Band—Russian Buffet. Tickets 2s. 6d., payable at door.
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Subscribers are reminded that instructions regarding a change of address should be received not later than first post on Wednesday morning. The Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1.

"I do not believe that there is anybody who would not benefit by this book."—Geoffrey Gorer

MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE NEW LEVEL FOR GILT-EDGED—TAXING FOREIGN INVESTORS IN THE U.S.—SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD SHARES

WHAT is to be the new "level" in the gilt-edged market? This is the painful question exercising the City. There are really two levels to be considered—first, the low level to which prices will be forced by the liquidation of individual investors and the selling of "bear" speculators, and, secondly, the improved level to which prices will be forced by Government support and "bear" covering. The Treasury must be convinced by this time that there is a genuine flight of the business man out of the gilt-edged market—for the reasons which I explained last week. The flight has been speeded up by the coming defence loan and the Government's White Paper on spending £1,500,000,000. Whether the defence loan will have an inflationary effect upon commodity prices is a moot question, but the practical business man knows well enough that the trend of commodity prices is upward, and that the net yields obtained in the gilt-edged market are becoming increasingly unattractive—by comparison with the free-of-tax appreciation on select equity shares. War Loan at the moment of writing yields £3 9*s*. 3*d*. per cent. gross, or £2 13*s*. 0*d*. per cent. after tax at 4*s*. 9*d*. or £2 12*s*. 0*d*. per cent. net if income tax is increased to 5*s*. Such returns encourage the private investor to the further pursuit of capital appreciation in equity shares. (The more nervous will sell gilt-edged stocks and put their money on deposit with the bank or Building Society.) No doubt the Government broker will from time to time support the gilt-edged market, so that the flight does not become a rout, but it would be absurd for the Treasury to step in while the flight is in full swing. The psychological moment for support may come when Mr. Chamberlain is making his Budget speech. What further fall the gilt-edged market may suffer in the meantime it is difficult to guess—I would say that it is near its end—but it is interesting to see that the long-term rate of interest so far has only risen by less than ¼ per cent. :—

	Price End July.	Flat Yield %	Adjusted Gross Redemption Yield %*	Price, Feb. 17th, 1937.	Flat Yield %	Adjusted Gross Redemption Yield %*
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Consol 2½% ...	85	2 19 0	—	78¾	3 3 6	—
Local Loans 3% ...	96 ⅜	3 2 3	—	90¼	3 6 3	—
Conversion 3½% ...	107 ½	3 5 6	3 0 0	102½	3 9 0	3 8 3
War Loan 3½% ...	106 ¼	3 5 9	2 18 0	101¼	3 9 3	3 7 6
Funding 4% ...	117¾	3 8 3	2 16 0	111⅞	3 12 0	3 3 6
Victory Bonds 4% ...	116 ⅝	3 9 6	2 18 0†	110½	3 13 3	3 6 3
Consol 4% ...	114½ xd.	3 9 9	2 16 6	108½	3 13 3	3 5 6
Conversion 3% 1948/53	103 ⅛ xd.	2 18 0	2 16 6	100½	2 19 9	2 19 3
Funding 3%, 1958-69	103¾	2 18 6	2 16 0	97½	3 2 0	3 4 0

* Gross equivalent of net redemption yield with tax at 2/9.

† Average term, say, 23 years.

The ultimate level of the gilt-edged market depends, not on the movements of the private investor and speculator, but on the support of the joint stock banks, which depends in turn on a moderate increase in the supply of bank cash by the Bank of England so that the joint stock banks may expand both their advances and their investments. It will be a scandal and a crime against the nation if this is not forthcoming.

* * *

"Something concrete will emerge," said Mr. Eccles leaving a Conference at the White House to discuss measures to check the increasing inflow of foreign capital into the United States. The concrete, in the opinion of Wall Street, will emerge in the form either of higher taxes on dividends and interest or of heavy taxes on transfers of securities to foreigners, or of a tax on capital gains of foreigners. The third suggestion would be a difficult measure for the Administration to enforce, but to increase the foreign dividend and interest tax, which is now 10 per cent. (15 per cent. on interest if received by a corporation), would be easy. If it were done British investors would be driven out of American securities of the lower-yielding, high-grade type. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt would be penalising the best type of investor and would be encouraging the worst type of speculator, who comes to Wall Street solely for capital appreciation. This would be foolish and unjust. The second alternative is perhaps the fairest plan—namely, a transfer tax on *new* purchases by foreigners, whether investors or speculators—but it would undoubtedly tend to divert the market in certain American securities to London. It is estimated by the United States Treasury that the total amount of securities held by British investors in the United States is £780,000,000.

* * *

My Statistical Assistant has often emphasised the danger of making calculations on the basis of inadequate data, but, as such calculations must be made, he has made a statistical incursion this week into the South African gold share market.

His first simple arithmetical comparison is to compare the ore reserves, that is the ore opened up and (generally) available for mining, with the current output. The changes in the ore reserves during 1936 and the comparison with current output is shown in the following table for some of the well-known South African companies :

Mine.	Ore Reserves in 000 Tons. Dec. 31st, 1935.	Dec. 31st, 1936.		Current Output.	Ore Reserves divided by Current Output.
Long Lives :					
Randfontein	14,895	14,057	− 838	4,700	3.0
Crown	24,903	25,541	+ 638	4,304	5.9
East Rand Prop. ...	9,466	10,991	+1,525	2,512	4.4
Sub. Nigel	2,099	2,096	− 3	684	3.1
Short Lives :					
Langlaate	1,230	1,205	− 25	1,100	1.1
Robinson Deep B ...	6,032	6,102	+ 70	1,366	4.5
Government Areas ...	11,457	11,024	− 433	2,576	4.3
New State Areas ...	4,114	4,190	+ 76	1,472	2.8

NOTE: Long lives are 30 years or over: short lives are less than 30 years.

Statistical Assistant : Please observe the decline in the ore reserves of Randfontein and the fact that its ore reserves represent only three years' mill supply. On other arithmetical and general comparisons Randfontein comes out very well, but the reef on the West Rand is irregular and development patchy. The mine is bound to have its ups and downs, and the shares are not in the same class as, for instance, Crowns.

Toreador : Yes, but remember that according to South African mining practice "reserves" are not included in the published "ore reserves" until they have been blocked out on three sides. I am told that Randfontein has been rapidly developing its footage to the north, but did not pause last year to block out this footage

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west to east, so that although the development has been excellent, it has not yet appeared in "ore reserves." If this information is correct the fall in Randfontein shares, which has been attributed to the decline in ore reserves, has been overdone.

Statistical Assistant: I agree. The current dividend yield on Randfontein of £8. 14. per cent. is attractive. In my next table I show the yields after amortisation over the assumed life of the mine and after amortisation over the assumed life minus 5 years. This table is designed to show how deadly is the effect on yields of a shortening of the life in the case of a "short-life" mine. If, for example, the life of Randfontein is found to be 35 years instead of 40, the increase in the annual sinking fund is only 2½*d.* per annum, whereas if the life of New State Areas is reduced from 20 to 15 years, the increase in sinking fund is 1*s.* 1*d.* per annum.

Mine.	Present Price.	Dec. Qr. Earnings (*a*).	Current Annual Dividend.	Assumed Life. Years.	Gross Yield after Amortisation. Assumed Life of Mine.	Assumed Life of Mine minus 5 years.
Long Lives:						
Randfontein ...	67/–	6/2	5/–	40	6.4	6.1
Crown	16½	21/4	19/–	40	4.8	4.5
East Rand Prop....	80/6	3/8	3/6	40	3.3	3.0
Sub. Nigel	12½	17/9	18/–	40	6.1	5.8
Short Lives:						
Langlaate ...	21/–	3/–	3/–	15	9.3	6.0
Robinson Deep B.	60/6	5/7	5/–	25	5.9	4.9
Government Areas	41/3	5/2 (*b*)	5/6	12	6.7	0.6
New State Areas...	63/9	6/9	6/–	20	6.1	4.4

(*a*) Before capital expenditure. (*b*) Based on calendar year 1936.

As a speculative investment Randfontein is cheap if only because of its new areas adjoining Libanon and Venterspost, which may be worth 10*s.* or even more per Randfontein share. Crowns I regard as comparatively dear, but they are the Consols of the Rand (if such a title can be taken as a compliment these days). Sub. Nigel is having trouble with the Government over a new tax ruling affecting the leased mines, and despite the value of its holdings in Vlakfontein and Spaarwater of say £1 per Sub. Nigel share, I am not particularly attracted at present prices. Of the mines with lives of 25 years and less, I would sell the whole lot—lock, stock and barrel. They are only safe holdings for the mine managers who know the facts.

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